

FLASHBACK

published by the

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

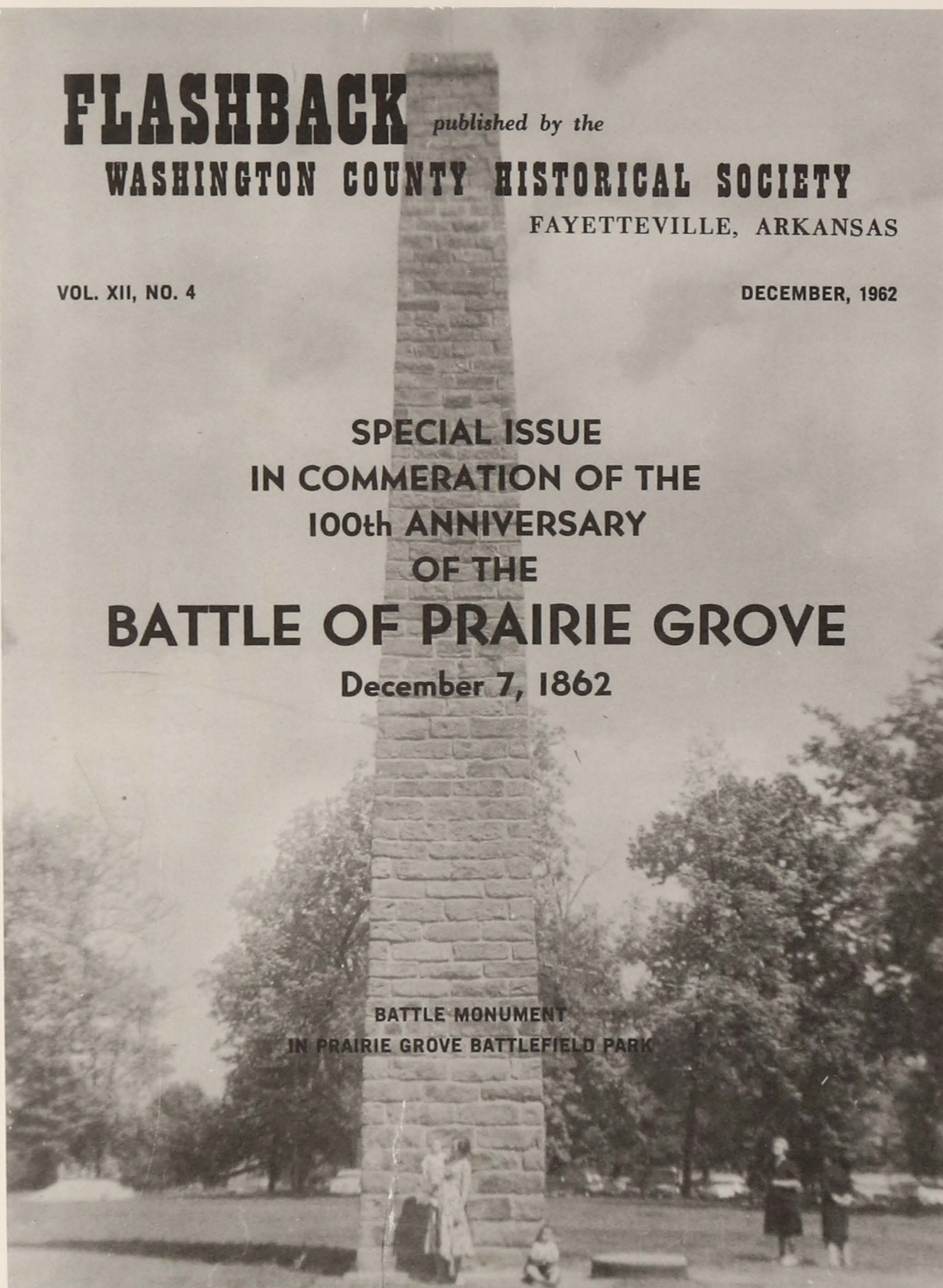
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

VOL. XII, NO. 4

DECEMBER, 1962

**SPECIAL ISSUE
IN COMMERATION OF THE
100th ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE
December 7, 1862**

**BATTLE MONUMENT
IN PRAIRIE GROVE BATTLEFIELD PARK**



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FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Vol. XII No. 4

W. J. Lemke, editor

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flight of the refugees from Dutch Mills following the
battle of Prairie Grove.

Also eight pages of pictures and other
material pertaining to the battle

Outline of the
BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, ARKANSAS
December 7, 1862

by L. J. Lemke

1. Confederate General T.C.Hindman, on the Arkansas River, plans to drive Blunt's army out of northwest Arkansas, which the federals have held since the battle of Pea Ridge in March.
2. Enroute north, Hindman learns that Blunt has called for help from General Herron at Springfield, Mo., and that the latter is already on his way.
3. Hindman decides to feint toward Blunt at Cane Hill, then march to intercept Herron, intending to destroy Herron's army first, then turn on Blunt. Herron's army marches 110 miles in 3 days and on
4. Sunday, December 7, Confederate General Marmaduke's advance (Shelby's cavalry) meets the Federal advance (Hubbard's Missourians and M. LaRue Harrison's First Arkansas Cavalry on the road to Prairie Grove and cuts them up badly.
5. Confederates establish themselves on the ridge at Prairie Grove, facing north and east, and await Herron's attack.
6. Herron crosses the Illinois River and attacks, resulting in a bloody but indecisive action.
7. Meanwhile, Blunt at Cane Hill learns that Hindman has by-passed him, so Blunt marches his division to his camp at Rhea's Mill, where his supply trains are stationed under guard of General Salamon.
8. Blunt hears cannon at Prairie Grove and approaches the battle from the northwest, arriving on the field at 2 p.m.
9. Darkness halts the bitterly fought battle. During the night, Hindman's army, low on supplies and ammunition, withdraws to Van Buren.
10. Blunt remains at Rhea's Mill and Herron at Fayetteville. Ghosts of the 339 dead remain at Prairie Grove. The 1,630 wounded recover or die in homes along the Cane Hill and Cove Creek roads, or in the army hospitals at Fayetteville.

1862 - 1962

A detailed report of the battle was published by the Washington County Historical Society in December 1952, on the 90th anniversary of the battle. That issue was based on the official reports as published in the Rebellion Records. For our Centennial issue we are publishing some little-known material about the battle. A number of readers have sent us letters and pictures for which we do not have space. However, we plan to publish additional Civil War Centennial material in 1963 issues of FLASHBACK. Membership in the Washington County Historical Society is \$3 per year. Address: Deane G. Carter, secretary, Box 237, Fayetteville, Ark.

THE 34th ARKANSAS CSA AT PRAIRIE GROVE

by W. J. Lemke

The memory of the battle of Prairie Grove is of peculiar interest to the present-day residents of the Prairie Grove Valley in Washington County, Ark. Many are grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Confederate soldiers who fought here on that December Sunday in 1862.

Although Hindman's Confederate army was composed chiefly of troops from Missouri, Texas and central Arkansas, there was one regiment that was distinctively of the Arkansas Ozarks -- men from Cane Hill and the Prairie Grove Valley, from Fayetteville and Richland, from farms up and down the Cove Creek and Rhea's Mill roads. This was the 34th Regiment CSA.

The Missourians were fighting to get back home. The Texans perhaps were fighting to get the fighting over with. The men from Little Rock and the Arkansas River valley had joined up with Hindman to drive the invaders from their state or perhaps because the expedition into north west Arkansas promised the surest opportunity for action.

But the 34th Arkansas, commanded by Col. W.H. Brooks of Fayetteville and illumined with many fine old Washington County names, made the march over the mountains with a more compelling incentive. They were going home, to drive the invaders from the old home place on Cane Hill and from the familiar valley of the Illinois.

These Washington County men, who had been drilling for months at Spadra and Mazzard Prairie, down on the Arkansas River, knew where they were going when they marched out of Van Buren on the 3rd of December. They recognized the distant silhouette of the Boston Mountains. But they could hardly have foreseen that the battle which they anticipated would occur within sight and sound of their homes -- with their own kin huddled in cellars or ministering to the wounded. The 34th Arkansas fought on home grounds -- Crawford's Prairie, the Morton farm, the Borden orchard.

It was this unique circumstance -- a single regiment of Hindman's Legion, composed of soldiers from the Prairie Grove Valley and their neighbors, fighting on their home soil -- that has kept the memory of this battle alive for one hundred years.

Price's Missourians and the Arkansawyers and Texans of other brigades would fight again -- at Jenkins Ferry and Helena in Arkansas and at Pleasant Hill and Mansfield in Louisiana. Hindman left for east of the Mississippi but most of the troops that he commanded at Prairie Grove fought out the war in Arkansas -- plus a raid or two in Missouri. The 34th Arkansas was at Jenkins Ferry and Helena and suffered heavily in both battles.

Most of the Washington County men in the 34th who were at Prairie Grove on December 7, 1862, did not see their homes again until the Cause was lost and the war ended. So they came home, to their families and friends in the Prairie Grove Valley. They told their stories and the stay-at-homes told theirs. Gradually there was built up a superb tradition -- the story of a battle in northwest Arkansas that ignores

the military action in the East, the naval action in the Gulf, the big names of Richmond, the political and economic factors -- everything except that this was the place and this was the battle in which home boys fought and died.

The Federal troops that fought at Prairie Grove were mostly outsiders -- Kansans and Missourians, men from Iowa and Wisconsin and Illinois. Even the Arkansawyers in the First Arkansas Cavalry USA were from neighboring counties. They had no personal attachment to the Prairie Grove Valley. Their swimming holes were on King's River and War Eagle. Their boyhood memories were of more distant places. But many cavalrymen of the First Arkansas USA served throughout the war and were never more than a hundred miles from home.

After the war, when the hatreds died down and the Prairie Grove soldiers who had served under the Confederate flag returned to their homes, the re-building progressed rapidly. Major Earle and Captain Carnahan of the 34th revived the college at Cane Hill. The mills at Evansville, Cane Hill and Rhea's again began to hum. And James P. Neal laid out a town around the Cumberland Presbyterian Church on the battlefield and named the town Prairie Grove.

Later, an annual reunion of Confederate veterans was held on the battle site. At these reunions, which were attended also by Union veterans, there were programs that featured patriotic addresses and battle reminiscences. Family gatherings were held, especially of the children and grandchildren of the men who had fought here in 1862. The Prairie Grove chapter of the UDC acquired ten acres of the battlefield, the center of the Confederate line on December 7, 1862. Much later, the state of Arkansas acquired additional acreage and created a State Park on the site.

Never, in the hundred years since the battle of Prairie Grove, have the heroism and sacrifice of the men who fought here been forgotten. This retentive memory is due in great measure to the fact that descendants of the Confederate soldiers of '62 still live in the Prairie Grove Valley. Blunt's Kansans and Herron's Iowans returned to their homes, which were untouched by war. But the people of Prairie Grove remembered. This was their battle.

"I FIRED 90 TIMES"

"We had 60 pieces of artillery in line, including two 12-pound howitzers. Since there was no water, they had to be 'thumbed' and became so badly burned, they were entirely ruined.

"I had a Whitney rifle, a muzzle-loader. We used paper cartridges. You had to bite the paper, put the cartridge in the muzzle of the gun, seize the gun by the barrel and stamp it hard on the ground. Your gun was then loaded, ready for action when capped, which was done by hand. It carried a 'minnie ball', hollow at the butt and expanded, making a forced bullet and a deadly weapon. I fired 90 times."

(Editor's note: The above Prairie Grove detail is from a letter in the possession of Miss Margaret Whittemore, Sarasota, Fla., written by her grandfather who fought at Prairie Grove. -- WJL)

THE 34th ARKANSAS CSA

(Editor's note: The Confederate regiment that is best remembered in Washington County, after 100 years, is the 34th Arkansas. The rosters of Companies A, B, C, H, and K of the 34th read like the 1860 census of Washington County. Co. F was from Benton County. Companies D, E, G, and K had many men from Franklin and Crawford counties. As a whole, it was a northwest Arkansas regiment. The 34th fought its first battle at Prairie Grove but afterwards saw action in south Arkansas and suffered its most severe casualties in the battle of Jenkins Ferry. The history of the regiment that appears below was written by Clem McColloch, a Private in Co. B. So far as we can determine, this account was first published in the Arkansas Democrat of Oct. 8, 1904. It was later reprinted in other papers. We take pleasure in giving it a new lease on life -- we hope for another 60 or 100 years. -- WJL)

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FIGHTING THIRTY-FOURTH ITS MEN AND ITS SERVICE

Organized at Mount Comfort, Washington County, in September 1862. With 1200 men and with W.H.Brooks as the first Colonel. Story of their long march through Arkansas to join Gen. Churchill's forces at Arkansas Post.

Below is a sketch of the organization and service of the 34th Arkansas Infantry, C.S.A., Fagan's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi department, prepared by Hon. Clem McColloch of the state auditor's office.

The regiment was organized at Mount Comfort in Washington County, September 1862, and numbered a little over 1,200 men, rank and file. The officers were: Col.W.H.Brooks, transferred to the cavalry in 1865; Lieut.Col. T. M. Gunter, elected Lieut.Col. in the cavalry at the reorganization; Maj. James Woolsey, resigned after the battle of Prairie Grove; Capt. J. S. Trott, Q.M., transferred to the cavalry with Col. Brooks; Capt. R.B.Tyus, commissary; Dr.W.B.Welch, surgeon; Dr.J.M.Lacy assistant surgeon; M. C. (Tell) Duke, adjutant, killed at battle of Prairie Grove; Robt. E. Nettles, sergeant-major, discharged on account of disability; A. Lovelace, forage master; Wm. Varner, wagon master; Wm. Mitchell, ordnance sergeant; Wm. M. Lewis, quartermaster sergeant.

Company A -- J. Wythe Walker, captain killed at battle of Jenkins Ferry, April 30, 1864; Lee Taylor, 1st lieutenant, promoted to captain; Pomeroy Hart, 2nd lieutenant; Abe Allen, 3rd lieutenant.

Company B -- Captain F.R.Earle, elected major at reorganization; 1st lieutenant James Mitchell, promoted to captain, subsequently elected quartermaster in cavalry; 2nd lieutenant Wm. M. Buchanan, discharged on account of disability; 3rd lieutenant Peter Carnahan, adjutant after death of Duke.

Adkins, Jesse; Adkins, Wm.; Aiken, M.M.

Buchanan, J., wounded at battle of Jenkins Ferry; Buchanan, John Jr.; Buchanan, G.W.; Buchanan, C.W.; Bates, Joseph Y., wounded at battle of Jenkins Ferry; Braly, W.C.; Barnes, Wm.; Brewster, Lafayette; Brewster, Hiram; Barker, Jas.G.; Burget, Isaac; Borden, M.W.; Brotherton, John; Blair, James, killed at battle of Prairie Grove; Buly, Asbury.

Canseler, W.H., appointed hospital steward; Crawford, W.P. orderly sergeant after Edmiston's discharge; Crawford, Jas.H. died at Spadra 1862; Crawford F.E.; Crawford, J.M.; Crozier, J.K.P.; Carter, S.R.; Cornet, John; Cox, Milton; Clanton, Burrell; Cheatham, W.T.; Chambers, Calvin; Carver, Jarred.

Donnelly, Jere; Daniels, D.; Detrick, Fred

Edmiston, James, orderly sergeant, discharged on account of disability; Edmiston, Z.B., corporal; Edmiston, W. H., sergeant; Edmiston, Tom; English, J.K.

Ferguson, J.R.; Fallin, Jas.; Fallin, Holmes; Fullbright, Thos.

Gray, W. S.; Gray, Jack; Gray, T.W., died at Little Rock, 1865; Gray, Jas. F., killed at battle of Prairie Grove; Gray, Wm. H., sergeant, killed at battle of Prairie Grove; Gibson, Geo., elected captain to fill vacancy.

Herron, Geo.; Hill, W. C.; Houston, Jos.; Hodges, John; Hodges, Edmund; Hodges, Mathias; Harbor, Jas.; Head, H.J.

Ish, J.K. Ish, Wm.W.; Isaacs, Robt.

Johnson, W.S.; Johnson, B.F.; Johnson, C.W.

Kelleam, J.P. wounded at battle of Prairie Grove; King, John; King, W.J.(Bud); King, E.

Listenbee, A.J.; Lacy, J.M. appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment; Lacy, A.H., discharged on account of disability; Leach, N.W.; Lewis, W.M., appointed quartermaster sergeant.

Moore, W.S.; Moore, John; Moore, Thos.D.; Moore, Hannibal; Moore, D.N.; Morrow, Geo.W., corporal; Morrow, Hugh, Morrow, Geo.G.; McColloch, Clem; Means, Wm.; Mitchell, Wm., appointed ordnance sergeant; Mitchell, R. M., killed at battle of Prairie Grove; McCamish, John; McCardy, J D.; McClin, A.A.; Marquess, F.M.; McKinney, Thos.C.

Peck, N.S.; Peck, A.C.; Putnam, T.B.; Parker, J.N.; Parker, Elijah; Parks, J.H.; Parks, W.D.; Pyeatt, H.C., wounded at battle of Jenkins Ferry.

Russell, J. M., lost an arm at battle of Prairie Grove; Russell, Geo. T.; Rinehart, J.R.; Reed, A.B.; Reed, S.K.; Reed, T.F.; Reed, Wm.; Rather, John.

Spencer, Robt. L.; Strickler, A.D.; Simpson, Hugh, Shannon, T.J.; Seay, Columbus; Scott, James; Scott, Wm. N.; Sexton, W.H.; Sinclair, Wm.; Stringfield, John.

Tucker, J.A., died at Little Rock 1863; Tetrick, Peter.

Winton, J.H., sergeant, wounded at battle of Jenkins Ferry; Wheeler, John A.J.; Wheeler, Jas.; Wheeler, Ab; Welch, W.B., appointed surgeon, appointed surgeon of the regiment; Wilson, Anthony, died at Spadra 1862; White, W.H., sergeant; White, Jacob, corporal; Wright, R.B.; Witherspoon, Frank, killed by Pin Indians; Wood, J.M.; Walker, R.

Company C -- Sam Smithson, captain; John O. Parks, 1st Lieutenant; C. C. Roark, 2nd lieutenant.

Company D -- J. W. Duncan, captain, transferred; W. J. Witcher, 1st lieutenant, promoted to captain.

Company E -- James C. Wright, captain; Peters, 1st lieutenant.

Company F -- C.L. Pickens, captain; J.H. McClinton, 1st lieutenant; J. C. Gamble, 2nd lieutenant; John Bolin, 3rd lieutenant, captured, died in prison; Ben Neal, 3rd lieutenant, died from effects of wound at Jenkins Ferry; John Black, 3rd lieutenant, elected to fill vacancy.

Company G -- W. W. Woolsey, captain, killed at Prairie Grove; G. H. Council, 1st lieutenant, promoted to captain; Sam Shaseby, 2nd lieutenant; R. P. Claybourne, 3rd lieutenant; John Sims, 3rd lieutenant, elected to fill vacancy.

Company H -- Wallace, captain, resigned; Hensley, 1st lieutenant, promoted to captain; Mayes, 2nd lieutenant; Ab Brodie, 3rd lieutenant; Linn Duke, 3rd lieutenant, appointed to fill vacancy; James N. Holmes, appointed to fill vacancy, assigned to duty as commissary.

Company I -- Edmonson, captain; Virgil Beneaux, 1st lieutenant; Horace Beneaux, 2nd lieutenant; J. C. Floyd, 2nd lieutenant.

Company K -- J.R. Pettigrew, captain, promoted to major, subsequently elected lieutenant-colonel; M.C. Duke, 1st lieutenant, assigned to duty as adjutant, killed at Prairie Grove; Ben Boone, 2nd lieutenant, killed at battle of Prairie Grove; Arkansas Wilson, 3rd lieutenant, promoted to captain; S. P. Pittman, 1st lieutenant, elected to fill vacancy, assigned as quartermaster of regiment; C. G. Reagan, 3rd lieutenant, elected to fill vacancy.

Anderson, John; Asher, John
Barron, Dick; Barron, John; Black, James; Black, Eli; Bell, Bye; Brotherton, N.; Beard, T.J.; Brixley, L.

Carl, B.A.; Cummins, K.C., lost an arm at Jenkins Ferry; Cohea, Geo.; Crawford, Johnson

Dougherty, Hugh; Dougherty, Dave; Dougherty, John; Dougherty, Bill; Dyer, W.P.; Dixon, Abe; Duke, Linn, appointed lieutenant in Company H.

Flinn, Mike, mortally wounded at Jenkins Ferry

Graham, Cyrus, killed at Prairie Grove; Gregory, W. J.; Gregory, Alex; Gregory, Billy (goat); Gregory, George; Gibson, Pleas.

Harrison, R. P.; Henry, Isaac; Henry, Marshall; Hennessey, Jim; Hutchins, Quilla; Hendricks, Gip; Hendricks, Armstrong; Hervey, S. O.; Howe, Jacob.

Key, David

Lewis, Moses

Marrs, John, son of Capt. Sam, discharged; Marrs, Wesley; Marrs, John; Marrs, Alex; Marrs, Sam Pat; Moon, green; Morrison, Henry, killed at Prairie Grove; McCoy, Jacob.

Ramsey, Crump; Ritter, Dick, killed in a skirmish; Ross, Wm.; Robinson, James, mortally wounded at Jenkins Ferry.

Sharp, John, killed at Prairie Grove; Sharp, Isaac; Sharp, Red; Sharp, R.A.; Smith, Cal; Smith, Alex, died at Big Piney, January 1863; Smith, Jas. W.; Stephenson, Sam, killed in camp at Prairie Grove by a mule, August 1862.

Williams, Sid; Williams, Tom; Williams, John; Williams, Joe; Williams, Sam; Williams, Billy; Williams, Bud; Wilson, Eli; Wilson, John, killed at Jenkins Ferry.

Service of the Regiment

Each man had a home gun, most of them being double-barrel shotguns. About the 1st of October we struck camp and moved to Elm Springs, where we continued to drill and have fun at night.

Soon after reaching here orders were received to turn our guns into the ordnance department; there were some costly guns that the owners were loathe to part with, and hid them out in the brush, but no inquiry was made for them. Some of the boys will remember the fun we had here from supper till tattoo. The jolly Barney Appleby and the one that could crow like a rooster and neigh like a horse, and when the officers were tired of the noise and sent out a file of soldiers to arrest the noisy fellow. While here a lieutenant had trouble with a fellow officers, and was court-martialed and cashiered. I remember that Capt. Earle was a member of the court and that Capt. Duncan appeared as counsel.

October 8 we learned that a scout of Federals was bearing down on us with the determination of taking us in, as we had no arms. We packed up hastily, and were soon moving toward the South. Before we reached Fayetteville it began to rain, and continued to pour down, and we continued to step until we had crossed White River and came to a halt at Judge David Walker's place, where we stopped for the night.

It continued to rain and Col. Brooks had issued an order that no baggage was to be unloaded, and, wet, tired and hungry, we stood up and took the rain until daylight. We did not do a thing but burn every rail around Judge Walker's lots and a quarter of a mile around his corn field. Judge Walker's house was full of officers and men, as was also his barn and every building that had the semblance of a roof, but Capt. Wythe Walker stayed with his company, although within 200 yards of his father's door. The rain ceased about daylight, and we unloaded the wagons and had breakfast and rested until noon.

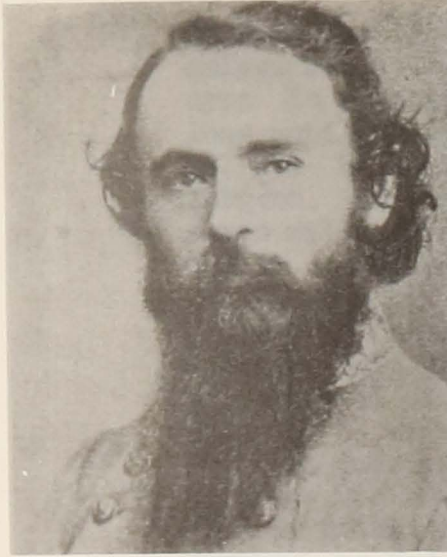
When Judge Walker got up in the morning and saw his horses and fattening hogs roaming around he smiled and said he had plenty of negroes to make more rails. We resumed the march soon after noon, and wending our way up White River, we camped on the bank where wood was abundant, already broken up, and we used it lavishly, as it was frosty that night.

The next day we crossed the mountain and camped on the south side, where flour was scarce, and we drew cornmeal for rations. We had with us some Dutch prisoners, and as we were short of cooking utensils they had to wait until some of us were through before they could cook their supper. One Dutchman attempted to make his bread in his hat, and when it would not stick together like flour, he said "He no mix." I suppose it was the first meal he ever saw.

We went into camp at Spadra, using the cabins built by a regiment of Texas cavalry for winter quarters the previous winter.

A day or two after we reached here it turned cold and snowed a little. Gen. Hindman visited our camp, and issued arms to us and inspected our baggage train, and was delighted to find so many wagons and big, fat mules, and he did not do a thing but take about half of them. Here we lost the first man from sickness, Jas. H. Crawford of Company B. While

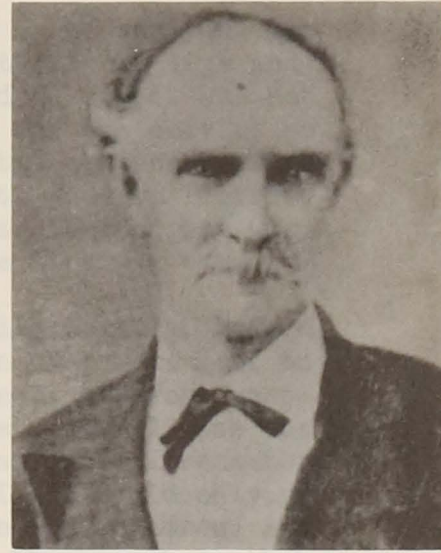
CONFEDERATE OFFICERS AT PRAIRIE GROVE



FAGAN



HINDMAN



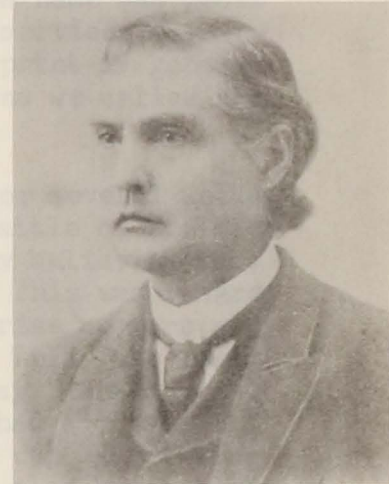
CHURCHILL



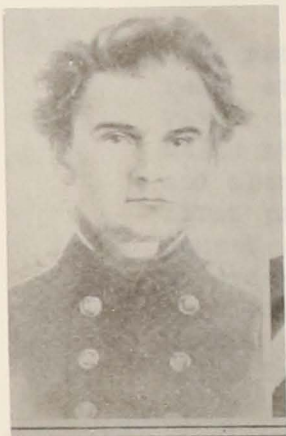
ROANE



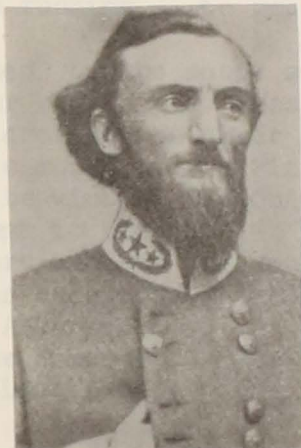
McRAE



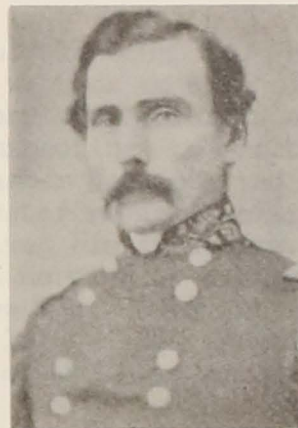
HAWTHORNE



PARSONS



MARMADUKE



FROST



SHELBY

in camp here, Dr. Welch got Bill Moore of Company B to sharpen his knives and scissors and put them in condition to cut off our legs and arms in a scientific manner when occasion demanded, and it was not long until he had use for them. After thanking Bill for the service he tol him he would remember him if he should need the services of a surgeon. We remained here a short time and moved to Mazzard Prairie, seven miles from Fort Smith. Here we had the finest Beef of the war, and in consequence of hearty eating many of us were sick.

Early in December we commenced the march to the hill country. Before starting all who were too sick to march or leave in camp were sent to the hospital at Fort Smith. There was no sham sickness; everyone wanted to go -- we were going toward home; Lieut. James Mitchell was too sick to undertake the march and was sent to the hospital. I remember well how sad he looked when he bid us all goodbye. If he could only go with us he had hopes that he would see his dear wife and children, and further, he had a presentment that he would die in the hospital; but he did not die, but lived many years of usefulness to his country and his fellow man.

It was understood that we were hunting for the Federals, and the boys were spoiling for a fight, and they soon got it. At Oliver's on Lee's Creek, the army was formed in a hollow square and prayer was offered by Sam Buchanan, who was chaplain of a regiment. At this juncture I am reminded that we also had a chaplain, and his name was Peter Moses. I can't remember whether we dispensed with his services - - - (print missing) the baggage train was left - - - - (print is gone) - the next morning the boys were - - - (print is gone), as we called the north side of the mountain.

The Federals had been in possession of the country for several weeks and on the morning of the 7th of December, 1862, the battle of Prairie Grove was fought, and our men went into battle firmly believing that that we would win, and that peace would follow soon. This was a hard fought battle, and many of our best men went down to rise no more and many others were maimed for life. Here the gallant Tell Duke fell; also Capt. Wm. Woolsey, D Company; Color-bearer Wm. Gray, James Gray, James Blair and Rod Mitchell of Company B. Capt. Earle had a close call by a minie ball passing through the back part of his cap and taking off a lock of hair to remember him by. Peter Carnahan also had a ball to pass between his knees, going through the skirt of his coat. When the ball passed through Mj. Earle's cap, he took it off and looked at it and remarked that that was pretty close clipping. I think Peter said he was running -- to get back into line.

We returned to the south side of the mountain, and after a short rest at our old camp at Mazzard, we took up line of march down the river and crossed the river at Morrison's Bluff, and went into the hills at the mouth of Big Piney, expecting to erect winter quarters and spend the winter. The quartermaster had received money to make the first payment to the boys. The muster rolls were soon ready, and by sunset every man and officer received his first pay. About this time an order was received to march next morning at daylight; we were to be hurried to Arkansas Post to relieve Gen. Churchill, who was besieged there. The most of the train was left at Mrs. Benedict's, twenty-two miles from Little Rock, with a lot of the boys who were indisposed.

A snow about four inches deep fell, and Joe Bates, who was left at Camp Benedict, went hunting and killed a monstrous big deer and carried it all alone to within sight of the camp, and came to a creek that he could not get across without help. He yelled for help. We heard him and saw him, but we knew Joe to be a fellow that delighted in playing pranks, and we did not believe he had a deer until he held its head and horns up so we could see it. Then I went to his assistance and we soon had it dressed and some of it cooking. This was the second time I ever ate any venison, and it being quite poor it seemed but little better than poor beef.

The troops were rushed to Little Rock on a forced march, where boats were waiting, and they were put on the boats and only reached Pine Bluff, where news was received that Churchill had capitulated. They returned to Little Rock and disembarked at sunset in a cold drizzle of rain, and were marched to the arsenal and spent the night, piled up as thick as hogs in the buildings. Ask Buchanan or some of the balance of the boys for further details of this night. We marched five miles south of the city and made Camp Price. Here we had an introduction to green pine for firewood, and I can say it is rather poor to make heat, but it is good to make a chimney of. We soon had chimneys to our tents and were fairly comfortable until spring, and the boys began to long for a good cool drink of water, and they did not do a thing but dig several wells.

About the 1st of June we moved to Rock Creek, two or three miles away, where we remained until the last of June, and we started for Helena to give the Feds there a good thrashing, but when we got there they wouldn't let us. The army reached Helena the morning of the 4th of July, where the Federals were entrenched and guarded by gunboats. Chadrick Peck was wounded here, and was the only man that was hurt in Company B -- if not the only one in the regiment. We marched leisurely back to Bayou Meto, not far from Little Rock, encountering much water on the road, especially at Bayou DeView, where wading was the fashion for a half a mile. Every man and officer took off more or less of his clothes -- some more and some less. Two young ladies came down to see the "soldiers" in a carriage, with a negro driving, and were at the bridge when we came out, and they did not stay long.

We remained in camp at Bayou Meto and in the vicinity of Little Rock until the 10th day of September, when it was decided that we would go further south to spend the winter, and in the afternoon we evacuated Little Rock and Gen. Steel with a large force of Federal troops took possession almost before we got out of sight.

We marched until late in the night, and camped on the Saline River. The men being tired and the weather pleasant they did not erect any tents, but spread their blankets and were soon sound asleep. The beef cattle came up after we were asleep, and one tired fellow refused to see the gate where his mates had gone in, stampeded in the direction of our camp, and with two or three herders hollowing, stampeded us as wildly as a force of Federal cavalry would have done. We did not run farther than the first tree, and before many could climb their tree we discovered the cause of the fright. I was in such a hurry I made the mistake of taking Bill Lewis' pillow for my clothes and did not discover my mistake until I had returned to my bed and Bill began to hunt for his pillow and wonder if it had got stampeded and ran away too. I was standing up telling how badly I was scared.

General Fagan owned a farm in this neighborhood, and had many hogs in the bottoms. He gave us his earmark and told us to kill any hogs with his mark. We did not have time to hunt much then, but it served a good purpose later in the war, as some of the men found hogs in Gen. Fagan's mark the balance of the war.

Our next camp was at Arkadelphia, where we had fine sport, swimming and hunting muscadines. Here Bill Mitchell, Bill Lewis and myself had our first experience with unripe muscadines, having sore mouths for several days. Our next halt was at Camp Bragg, eighteen miles from Camden. Here is the sweet potato country, as many of the boys will remember. Several acres were bought by the commissary; and when they were dug and lay scattered over the field I went through and selected the largest one I saw and took it to camp and nine of us had a dinner off it and there was some left for a lunch for Frank Dyer, who came along after dinner was over. Those who dined off of this potato were Dick Harrison, Bob Wright, Columbus Seay, Warren Stewart, Harry Kiser, Bill Lewis, Bill Mitchell, myself and the negro cook, Harmon. Several of them are living now. You might think that we were not very hearty eaters or were not fond of potatoes, as most of you old fellows can't eat as much as you could forty years ago.

We moved to Camden in November and erected winter quarters. Now here we had some fun, especially at Christmas; some of the boys will remember that a crowd went around to the cabins and took two men by the arms and legs and bumped them together. They went to Maj. Earle's cabin and he told them that if they would let him off he would make them a speech, and he mounted a big stump and made the welkin ring. Peter Barnahan was looking very serious about this time and he proposed that if they would let him off too he would make a speech and try to beat the major. They called at Dr. Welch's cabin, and he got mad and threw a brick at them, but they bumped him -- against the corner of the house, I think. Capt. Pickens had a turkey he kept staked with a long cord, and at night it would roost on the comb of the cabin, and late one night one of the boys went and cut the cord and pulled the turkey off its roost and went down the street at breakneck speed but the captain overhauled him and recovered the bird.

About the 5th of April we took line of march toward Shreveport, La., intending to reinforce Gen. Dick Taylor and help give Gen. Banks a good thrashing. Banks had brought a large army of Federal troops up Red River on transports as far as he could, and then took the land, intending to lay waste the country through Louisiana and Texas, and the men seemed very sanguine, not knowing anything of our Taylor. Some of the men had written on their caps "Hell or Texas."

On reaching Shreveport we learned that Taylor had met them at Pleasant Hill, and also at Mansfield, and gave them a good drubbing, capturing a good lot of fine wagons and fat mules and a considerable lot of arms, ammunition and camp equipage. The latter we were much in need of earlier in the action but now we had been without so long we hardly knew what to do with it. Among the prisoners captured was a company of Zouaves from New York City, who were dressed in bloomers, and one of them proved to be a woman. These, with some other prisoners, had one load in their guns and the remainder of what had been issued to them still in their cartridge boxes, and on being asked if they did not shoot a single time, one of them said he shot once straight up.

We remained one day at Shreveport and turned our faces again toward Camden, where Gen. Steele had taken possession almost the same hour we left. As we approached the city limits Steele took to his heels, and we gave chase, catching up with him at Jenkins Ferry on the 30th day of April, and a hard battle was fought, in which many were killed and wounded. Col. Brooks and Lieut. Col. Pettigrew were both wounded, leaving Maj. Earle in command of the regiment. At the first fire Color-Bearer James H. Winton was badly wounded, but the flag was caught up by another and he, too, went down; the flag was caught up by still another and another, as each one was shot down, and I can't say the number that was shot down while holding the flag. It was brought off the field by W. P. (Bill) Crawford and delivered to Maj. Earle. I can only recall the names of a very few who suffered in this battle. Will Means of Company B was killed. The wounded of Company B were Ab Buchanan, Joe Bates, J.H. Winton and Henry Pyeatt.

Buck Elmore, who belonged to a Missouri battery, was killed here, and at the battle of Marks Mill, which was fought perhaps the day before, James Harrison was mortally wounded. These two were school boys and classmates at Cane Hill College when the war came up.

After the battle Mack Vaught of Company E was made color bearer with the rank of lieutenant, but this was the last battle the regiment was in. The command returned to Camden, and after resting for a few days, took up the line of march to Homer, La., thence to Monticello, where we remained until some time in the fall, and then went into winter quarters at Lewisville.

At this stage of the war our rations were of a poor quality. The beef was often so poor that we could not eat it on account of the scent. It smelled like it was spoiled, and the boys would take it away and bury it with the honors of war. At one time we were without anything but bread for three days, and during this time everybody was mad. I got a large pumpkin, and Bill Mitchell saw me coming with it and met me, and he and Cum Seay cooked it; I thought it would never get done, but they said it would not be good unless it was cooked a half day, and when it was finally pronounced done and the mess was called, they enjoyed it, I expect, as much as any feast they ever set down to, but I only ate one mouthful. I never had been able to eat pumpkin, but I was sure this would be good.

It had become difficult to procure corn for bread and to feed the stock, as the farmers felt that they were giving it away, and it became necessary to send me out to measure the cribs and compute the number of bushels, and after allowing a given number of bushels for each member of the family and negro on the place and each head of stock, the balance was taken. I assessed the Red River country from Dooley's Ferry to the Louisiana line.

In February we moved our camp to near Minden, La., on Lake Bisteneau. Here Col. Brooks was transferred to the cavalry and given command of a regiment, and he took Capt. Trott, our quartermaster; and Pink Pittman, lieutenant in Company E was assigned to duty as quartermaster. We left in April for Shreveport in just the prime of the season for Buffalo gnats, and some of you will remember that they came near killing some of our stock. I took a boat and carried the quartermaster's papers, and reached Shreveport the next day, but I think the command was three

days getting there. We soon moved to Marshall, Tex. I had been transferred to the division quartermaster's office at Gen Churchill's headquarters.

Early in May Gen. Churchill got news of Lee's surrender, and he called up all of his staff and employes and told them, but said that he did not believe it, but we should keep it a profound secret, and any man who told it would be shot. I kept it a day or two, but I was dying to tell it to someone, and I went down to the regiment, some two miles away, and told two or three of the boys, first swearing them to secrecy, telling them what Gen. Churchill would do to me if he found out I had told it.

Some one went straight to Maj. Earle and told him before I got out of camp, and he sent for me and I told him all I had heard. He went into his tent and went to bed. The next morning Maj. asked, "Who wants to go to Mexico?" In a few days all knew that the fight was lost, and we were only waiting for some Federal sergeant or captain or general to come and receive our arms and give us a parole.

In the meantime Maj. Earle studied the situation, and said we would maintain our organization and march to Fort Smith and surrender. So we now started on our last march under Confederate officers. We did not march very hard, but would sometimes stop early if we came to a creek that promised good fishing, and Capt. Carnahan, who had fallen in with us, with Maj. Earle would fish. One day we came to a creek and camped, and after we had eaten our dinner Capt. Carnahan said to Maj. "Let's go fishing", and Maj. got his line and pole, and when they baited their hooks, Capt. reminded Maj. that it was Sunday. The captain did this just to play off on Maj., as he said he thought of it being Sunday.

On the 25th day of May we started for Fort Smith, but our crowd dwindled down to a small number. Some remained in Texas, on account of their families having refugeed out there, but at the battle of Jenkins Ferry I think there were only 160 went into the battle. When we got within a couple of days' march of Fort Smith, Dr. Welch, Pink Pittman and one other, I can't remember who -- went ahead to apprise the commander that we were coming. We camped at Gum Springs on the 8th day of June. Soon after we had reached there the bluecoats began to arrive. They seemed rather shy -- did not come to the camp, but went direct to the stock, which was corralled a short distance from the camp. I don't think that a single one came to the camp.

The next morning we marched into the town and into the old garrison. When we came in sight of the town we found the sidewalks crowded with bluecoats, and this made us feel shaky, as heretofore at the sight of them we went to shooting at them, and to this day that same sight of bluecoats brings up that same feeling. When we saw the crowd, Dick Morrow, about half crying, said: "I would rather be shooting at them."

About 6 o'clock on the 9th day of June, 1865, we were all paroled. This last march and entering and leaving Fort Smith seems as fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday, and the sorrowful feelings are over me just as they were that long day. We were young and full of hope for final success, and had homesick feelings only for very short spells, and then would feel gay and happy.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CLEM McCOLLOCH
in the Confederate Army, 1861-1865

After the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 as President of the United States, the elderly and well informed people said war was inevitable. At Van Buren a company was formed, and as I was living there, clerking in a general merchandise store and keeping the postoffice as deputy postmaster, I joined the company, which was called the VanBuren Frontier Guards, with Brown as captain, J.P. King 1st Lt., Granville Wilcox 2nd Lt. and Alex H. Lacy 3rd Lt.

We procured minnie rifles, and we sent our measures to Philadelphia and had uniforms made of sky blue soldier cloth for pants and navy blue coats and high crowned hats without brim, only a visor or "bill" and with detachable plumes and pompom. The company drilled at night in a large warehouse, and paraded the streets in our uniforms on Saturday afternoons.

Early in 1861 President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring war and calling for 75,000 troops to put down the rebellion. Then the Governor of Arkansas called for troops to repel any invasion of the state and our company, being tendered for service, on the 25th of May was ordered to rendezvous at a point in Benton County near Maysville. The company was put into a regiment which was called the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, with John R. Gratiot, Colonel; L.C. Province, Lt. Colonel; Dillard, Major; and Granville Wilcox, Adjutant.

I was sent home sick and did not get back to the company until the day before the battle of Oak Hill (called Wilson Creek by the Federals) which was fought on the 10th of August 1861. I was in this battle and was slightly wounded by the accidental punch of a bayonet by Frank Hinkle who was in the rear rank just behind me.

After the battle the command was marched back to Arkansas and all of the state troops were disbanded. Very soon a company was organized by Captain Buchanan. But I was sick and did not join them. About this time, Gen. Albert Pike was put in command of the Department of Indian Territory and appointed Maj. Wm. Quesenbury on his staff as Quartermaster, and Major Quesenbury gave me a clerkship in his office at Fort Gibson and I remained in his office until July 1862, when I returned to Arkansas and joined Captain Earle's company which had just been organized. And at Mt. Comfort, a regiment was organized which was the 34th Arkansas Infantry, with W.H. Brooks as Colonel; T.M. Gunter, Lt. Colonel; James Woosley; Maj. J.E. Trott, Quartermaster; and R.B. Tyns, Commissary. My entire service was on the west side of the Mississippi River, which was called the Trans-Mississippi Department. The regiment was always called Brooks' Regiment.

I marched with the remnant of the regiment to Fort Smith and was paroled on the 9th day of June, 1865. I carried my parole in my pocket until I wore it out. I have written this for the information of my children and grandchildren.

-- Clem McCulloch, Little Rock, May 25, 1909.

(Editor's note: Clem McCulloch was born Dec. 10, 1842, and died May 5, 1911. His photo and the above sketch were sent to us by his grandson, Lacy P. McCulloch of Kensington, Maryland. -- WJL)



CONFEDERATE REUNION AT PRAIRIE GROVE ABOUT 1910

Back row, left to right: Major F. R. Earle, Clem McColloch, Hugh Simpson, Al Buchanan, Dr. W. B. Welch, Henry White, Fate Brewster, Sam Russell, Polk Crozier. Front row: Walter Parks, John Parks, W. S. Moore, Dick Morrow, Will Edmiston, Jake White, Hight Brewster, John R. Moore, Henry Pyeatt.



At left:

Clem McColloch at age 19 when he enlisted in the Confederate army. With him is his friend, Wm. Buford, who is believed to have been an army chaplain. The picture was taken May 18, 1861.

Clem McColloch also appears on the Reunion picture above. His history of the 34th Confederate Regiment is on accompanying pages.

Photo at left is by courtesy of Lacy P. McColloch of Kensington, Maryland.

FIRST CONFEDERATE REUNION IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

by Robert R. Logan

Files of the 1886 Fayetteville Democrat, S.E. Marrs editor, tell the story of the first Confederate reunion in Washington County. On March 19, 1886, 21 ex-Confederates signed a letter calling a meeting "to consider the propriety of having an ex-Confederate reunion." This date was little more than 20 years after the end of the war, and their action could well have been called "subversive" if this word had been in use then--or its Civil War equivalent. Signers, prominent men of the county, were: W.B.Welch, A.M.Wilson, J.M.Pittman, B.F.Smith, J.L.Duke, C. R. Buckner, J.W.Stirman, P. R. Davidson, Martin Garret, C.C.Conner, J.L.Cravens, J.C.Williams, O.C.Gray, H.L.Glass, J.E.Vaughn, J.R.Pettigrew, I. M. Patridge, W.S. Tunstill, T.P. Harrison, A.S.Gregg and J.N. Vaughn.

One week later, the Democrat reported that a committee of S.P.Pittman, W. B. Welch, T. M. Gunter, J.L.Cravens, J.T. Reynolds, F.R.Earle, I.M.Patridge, B.F. Smith, George Gibson and J.M. Grimes would consider further arrangements. The first issue of the Democrat in June announced Decoration Day to be June 5.

In the first issue of July, J. C. Hollabaugh called a meeting of ex-Confederates at Prairie Grove on July 3 to consider holding a reunion at Prairie Grove in September. Fifty-nine ex-Confederates attended. Men at this meeting were J.F. Pettigrew, T.M.Gunter, J.L.Cravens, F.R. Earle, George Gibson, J. P. Neal, S.P. Pittman, Arkansas Wilson, J. P. Carnahan, W. B. Welch, J.D. Walker, B.F.Walker, Linn (J.L.) Duke, C.W. Walker, Joe H. Webb, H.P.Green, M.F.Lake, W.D.Parks, James McClatchery, Jacob Whitem H.L.Routh, T.J.Campbell, W.L.Moore, James Blakemore, W.H. Blanton, Wm. Mitchell, John O. Parks, A.B.Rich, R.A.Carl, W.E.Pittman, J.B.Campbell, J.C.Hollabaugh, J.J.Baggett, John Mock, Thomas Landers, J. Holcomb, Jas. R. Winton, Doc Phillips, W.C.Kuykendall, J.C.Pyeatte, J.M.Bell, John White, D.C.Mason, Johnson Crawford, J.C. Thornton, W.H. Allen, Andrew Howe, John Mathews, J. H. Lott, Alfred Strickler, G. T. Russell, T.Y.Epps, J.A.Buchanan, R.O.Hannah, T.F.Webster, R.P.Harrison, A.B.Wassum, R.C.Cummings and Abe Dickson.

W. B. Blanton was elected president and Wm.Mitchell secretary. H. L. Routh moved to have a reunion. An executive committee was called to meet on Saturday, July 10, at Prairie Grove. Selected to serve on this committee were: W. H. Blanton, Wm. Mitchell, B.A. Carl, John O. Parks J. C. Hollabaugh, J.B.Campbell, A.B.Rich, J.J.Baggett, W.E.Pittman and J.C.Pyeatte. This committee organized with Col.T.M.Gunter as chairman and William Mitchell as secretary. Dr. J.L.Routh and William Kendall were added as new members.

The committee decided that the ranking officer present would be Marshal of the Day, and appointed Maj. F. R. Earle, Col. J.R.Pettigrew, Capt. S.P.Pittman, and J.P.Neal to the history committee. The finance committee, an important one, had for members: Frank Smith, J.H.Winton, T.F.Webster, John Tunstill, James Briggs, T. A. Towler, John S. White, Jo Williams, James Guinn, R.O. Hannah, Isaac Harrison, H.Brewster, Tom Caudle, G. O. Denney, Hugh Simpson, George Nixon, George Gibson, J. R. Moore, W.C.Kuykendall, Andy Howe and J.C.Hollabaugh.

Governor Marmaduke, General W. L. ("Old Tige") Cabell, General Hawthorne and Colonel Ben T. DuVall received special invitations and a general invitation was extended to all ex-Federals and to all others who had been in the Battle of Prairie Grove. The first issue in August printed the program and the Democrat of 20 August reported the editor "gone to the reunion". J.E. Mock said the reunion was a "great event." Thus began an institution, often modified, but one that continues today after three-quarters of a century.

RHEA'S MILL

The ammunition and supply trains of General Blunt's Federal army in November and December of 1862 were stationed at Rhea's Mill, 7 miles north of Prairie Grove. They were under the protection of General Frederick Salomon's regiment of Wisconsin troops during the battle.

After the war, Wm. H. Rhea billed the US government for the use of his mill and destruction of his property. He failed to collect. His ledger from 1859 through 1862 was found some years ago in a Prairie Grove barn. Kathleen Hollabaugh wrote a feature article for the Arkansas Gazette, on the Rhea ledger, from which article the following paragraphs are quoted.

"The first entry concerning the occupation of Rhea's Mill by Federal troops is made under date of November 1862 and reads: 'Detachment 1st and 2nd Indiana regiments under Lieut. Robb camped on my premises and used the following: Flour, 5,000 lbs; \$250; pork killed, 200 lbs \$100; fence rails used for fuel, two cords, \$1; two turkeys \$2; one saddle, \$25; burning house \$250.'

"By the end of November 1862, the bill for the Federal army's occupation of the Rhea property amounted to \$680. On Dec. 7, 1862, the day of the battle of Prairie Grove, General Blunt's army fell back to the Mill and made use of it for 30 days. Bills listed for this lengthy stay included: 'Horse trough lumber, 2,000 feet, \$60; rails and wood, \$600; for trampling orchards and destroying trees, \$200; for taking two log chains, \$15; for occupation of stone house for 30 days, \$30; for 50 head of hogs, \$125."

W.H. Rhea's mill was burned down after the battle but was later rebuilt. Water from a spring furnished power for the mill that was later converted into a steam mill. The 52-foot tower, built of sandstone, stood until 1958 when it was taken down and moved to Prairie Grove Battlefield Park where it now serves as the Battle Monument. The tower (chimney of the mill) is 8 feet square at the base and 4 feet square at the top. It is built of 700 fitted sandstone blocks.

CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE AT SPRINGFIELD

Your editor (W.J. Lemke) and John A. Reed of the WCHS board of directors visited the Civil War Round Table of the Ozarks, at Springfield, Mo., on Nov. 14, 1962. Mr. Lemke spoke to the group on the battle of Prairie Grove. This is one of the most active CWRT groups in the area. It meets monthly and publishes a bulletin called "Buck and Ball" after the paper published at Cane Hill, Ark. on Dec. 6, 1862.

TWO NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF PRAIRIE GROVE BATTLE

(Editor's note: There were no professional reporters at Prairie Grove. The newspaper men who covered the battle of Pea Ridge had gone east with Curtis' army. The reports of the battle of Prairie Grove that appeared in northern and eastern papers were written by soldiers (mostly officers) in the various units of the Federal army. They were not "official reports". We are publishing two of these newspaper accounts. One was written by a member of the 37th Illinois and sent to the Chicago Tribune. The 37th was a part of Herron's army and the story reports the action at the eastern part of the battlefield (the Borden orchard) on the forenoon of Dec. 7. The other was written by a member of a Kansas regiment, was published in the St. Louis Missouri Democrat, and reports the action at the western part of the battlefield, on the afternoon of Dec. 7. -- WJL)

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Camp 37th Illinois Volunteers,
Battlefield, Prairie Grove, Dec. 10, 1862

On this beautiful morning, as I write, the sun shines out clearly and brightly, and the hum and bustle in our camp is as plain and cheerful as though battle smoke had not hung like a pall over this valley three days ago; and none, to look around, would suppose that in that time many of our brave men had been made martyrs by death or heroes by wounds. But the smoke has floated away on the winds which now serve to purify the air. The bodies of the dead are mostly gathered home, and over their last resting-place the volleys have been fired, and the wounded whose groans of agony filled and frightened the night of the 7th of December have been carried to the hospitals to be cared for in the best way possible under the circumstances.

The excitement of the day has passed, and we can now sit down and write coolly of the incidents of a day which has given this little spot a place in history, and given another step forward in the effort for the maintenance of our government, to the armies which have sprung up as if by magic and rallied to the flag of the Union.

An actor in a battle has not perhaps the best opportunity of describing all the moves in the grand but terrible scene going on, but he can at least give accurately a description of that part which he acted. And so, though I shall strive to do all justice, you will expect me to refer more particularly to the part of my own regiment and those immediately connected with us in the proper place. The Second and Third divisions of the army of the frontier, under Gen. Herron, on the morning of the 4th of December were encamped, the Third on Flat Creek, 29 miles southwest of Springfield, Mo., and the Second some six miles nearer the same place.

On that morning we started at 3 o'clock on the march for Gen. Blunt, who lay at Cane Hill, threatened by an overwhelming force of the rebels. On that day the Second division marched 20 miles, and on the 5th they marched 23 miles, on the 6th marched 26 miles, and starting at midnight of the 6th, marched on the 7th to our present position, a

distance of 30 miles, arriving about half-past 1 o'clock P.M. On the last 10 miles of our march we had been cheered by the music of cannon, from which we knew that the Third division in advance of us were engaging the enemy. Already the news of the rout of our cavalry and capture of 18 or 20 of their wagons had reached us, and from this we knew that a powerful and determined enemy was before us, and that Gen. Blunt needed our assistance, which had arrived just in time.

Arriving on the field, we immediately formed line of battle, and the battle opened as all modern battles do, with the thundering of artillery, and just here, while our artillery is at work and doing splendid work too, as we lay in line supporting it, let me describe the position the enemy had chosen on which to meet us. Instead of Prairie Grove this should be called Grove Prairie, for it is a beautiful open valley lying between these hills, which forms Arkansas, running east to west some five miles long and one mile wide, bordered on either side by a range of heavily wooded hills and watered by Illinois Creek.

On the range of hills on the south side, rising abruptly in some places, and in all places rapidly, till some 30 to 50 feet high, and then sloping gradually back for one and a half miles, the rebels had planted their batteries and formed their line of battle. Across this valley, then, we witnessed an artillery duel, proving as at Pea Ridge, and all Western battles, the superiority of our guns and practice. This could not last long, however, for the rebel batteries were soon silenced or driven from the field, and as our regiment on the extreme right moved forward to a new position, supporting Murphy's battery (First Missouri light artillery), we saw a line of infantry moving from our left on the enemy's right, driving the skirmishers home, moving steadily and gallantly forward to the foot of the hills, and carrying their banners proudly up and over its crest, till they were lost to our view in the woods.

But soon we heard the roll of musketry, an instant scattering, and then concentrating, deadly, deafening, and we knew that the 20th Wisconsin and 19th Iowa were having terrible work. How our boys chafed at being compelled to listen without aiding! But we knew our turn was coming -- had already come, for the order was given to move, and with a feeling of positive relief the banner of the 37th (Illinois) was borne forward. As we moved on, our eyes were on the hill, and soon we saw our men giving way -- one, and then another, then a handful; then those regiments which had gone so proudly up were hurled down the hill, broken and shattered in pieces.

From the right of our line the 37th Illinois and 26th Indiana were moved to the extreme left and faced to the same hill where the 19th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin had but a moment before been driven. Steadily, rapidly, and unbroken these two veteran regiments, the 37th on the right and the 26th on the left, moved across the open ground to the foot of the hill, lay down under cover of the fence, and threw forward skirmishers to discover and unmask the enemy's position by drawing their fire. The regiments below were not kept long in waiting, and the 26th on the enemy's flank and the 37th in the enemy's front, moved up that hill in the face of a most terrific fire to support their skirmishers.

The 37th at the bloody battle of Pea Ridge had looked the wolf in the face -- had contested the ground inch by inch with McCulloch's division, but never had we been welcomed to the sight of such an overwhelming force of rebels, nor shrouded in so terrible a cloud of bullets as greeted us on gaining the summit of the hill. Forward we rushed, however, to the cover of a fence in front, and thence we paid our compliments to the rebel line, which rose like a wall before us, and not more than 80 yards distant.

Yet cool as we were, thus engaged, our commanding officer, LieutCol. Black, than whom there is no braver man or more skillful officer in this army, discovering that the 26th Indiana had been driven back under the fire, leaving our left unsupported, and that the rebels were planting a battery on our right which would sweep our entire line, gave the order to retreat, an order necessary but reluctantly obeyed. To retreat in the face of such a fire is not an easy or a bloodless task. Down the hill we went, however, across the meadow at its foot, and into the cornfield, where our regiment halted at the first order, and formed rapidly, with our left resting on a battery.

We had fallen back some 450 yards and there awaited orders. Meantime, the 26th Indiana had formed under cover of a fence, and were already at work again. But in a moment their line was broken and their forces scattered like chaff before the wind, while the rebels followed like a pack of wolves in the open meadow below. They did not think what a welcome they were to receive, or they surely would have been more cautious. The battery on our left limbered up and passed off 500 yards to the rear. The 26th swept by us to form in our rear, and then our fire was unmasked and we resumed our harvest of death.

For the first time in our lives the enemy stood in an open field within that distance, and we profited by the occasion. Rising up we poured a volley into their flank. How their ranks went like ripe and heavy grain before the mower's scythe! They had not calculated on such a reception as this, and stopped as if amazed. But they did not hesitate long; another volley, another swing of the great scythe of death, and they broke and fled into the woods, nor did they stop until the brow of the hill was passed and they were so hidden from our view. Just then the 26th formed on our left and so the fighting on that part of the field closed. We had not driven them from the hill, but we held the plain, even in reach of their guns, unmolested.

Our cannonading was resumed and one of our batteries engaged a rebel battery which had been brought on the field, while their shot flew over our heads as we rested on the ground. It was wild and beautiful music to us, filled with a consciousness that we could overpower them in this line so easily.

But while we listened, another voice of battle rose on our extreme right. Musketry was heard again, and we knew that Gen. Blunt had arrived with his reinforcements from Cane Hill. It was good news to us, wearied with marching and fighting, and we listened to the ebb and flow of the tide of battle -- and so it continued until night and silence shrouded the battlefield, silence as to hostile noises but not silence, for the voices of the wounded, from every direction, were heard pleading for help or full of despairing agony. The after part of a battle is always the most fearful. But we did not listen long, for sleep, the sleep of the weary, of forgetfulness, came to us like an angel of mercy.

That night, a flag of truce, with Gen. Marmaduke, entered our camps, and these flags kept passing to and fro until 10 o'clock A.M., when Gen. Hindman having secured an armistice until 5 o'clock P.M., acknowledged himself whipped and surrendered the field. Then began the work of burying the dead and collecting arms. Of these quite a large number were secured.

In this battle the rebels had from 20 to 25,000 men, while we had not more than 8,000 men engaged. In Infantry they outnumbered us more than two to one, and fought us when we had marched 105 miles in three and a half days. It was terrible odds, but we whipped them, as their generals acknowledged. When has our Western army ever been beaten? The loss of our regiment, in killed, wounded and missing (including 5 prisoners), will reach 80 to 90. Our total loss, killed, wounded and prisoners, will not fall much, if any, short of 1,200. The rebels acknowledge a loss of wounded equal to ours, and of killed of three to two. We estimate their total loss at near 2,000.

W. P. B.

MISSOURI DEMOCRAT

Army of the Frontier,
in Camp at Rhea's Mills, Arkansas
December 10, 1862

Never was there a more charming day for such a scene. The sun shone out brightly and the air was as warm as in early summer. The morning had been lovely beyond belief for so late a day in the season as the 7th of December; but such is the character of the climate of this region. For ten days past, while the nights have been cold, every day here has been all that the most fastidious could desire.

But to return to the battle -- it was not one confined solely to the artillery, by any means, though that arm played a prominent part, and did, perhaps, most damage to the enemy. His infantry force was more than double, if not treble ours, yet the latter met them face to face, for hour after hour, in a most desperate conflict, during all of which time the discharge of musketry was one incessant roar.

On the morning after the battle, in quite a small orchard by the side of a house, over 40 of our dead were counted, while close at hand in a corner of the lot, some 60 of the enemy lay gathered up in a rail pen, and all around the orchard, as far as the eye could reach, dead bodies might be seen. The woods, indeed, were strewn with them for a distance of two and a half or three miles one way, by perhaps one and a half the other. The trees themselves are torn and scarred, by both cannon and musket balls, within those limits, to a far greater extent than they were at Pea Ridge. Such is the statement of Gen. Herron himself; and it was at Pea Ridge, as will be remembered, that, wounded and taken prisoner, he won the laurels that made him a brigadier. A most gallant soldier and a true gentleman, he is worthy of every honor.

Allusion is made above to the many dead found in and around a small orchard in Herron's front. It was there that the 20th Wisconsin regiment, having charged into the woods, encountered the enemy and fought them hand to hand. Beside this regiment, Herron had with him four others that participated actively in the battle, and all, I believe, suffered severely, to wit, the 19th and 20th Iowa, the 26th Indiana and

the 37th Illinois. Of the 20th Wisconsin, 49 were killed, and of the 19th Iowa, 197 killed and wounded. What the casualties may have been in the other regiments named, I am not informed. Among the killed in Gen. Herron's command is Lieut-Col. McFarland of the 19th Iowa and Major Bredett of the 7th Missouri; and among the badly wounded, Col. Black of the 37th Illinois, Major Thompson of the 20th Iowa, and Lieut. De la Hunt of the 26th Indiana. Some 30 of the line-officers of that division are said to have been wounded.

Coming on the field later in the day, the casualties in the right wing or First Division of the army, are, perhaps, less than in the other - but still very numerous. Three only of the infantry regiments, the 10th, 11th and 13th Kansas, and one of cavalry (dismounted and acting as infantry), the 2nd Kansas, of the First Division, were involved in the conflict upon the field of battle proper; and all fought with the most determined bravery until night came on, though their comrades were falling around them....

Of the 10th Kansas, which went into the action less than 350 strong, several of the companies being absent on other duties, seven, I learn, are killed, 66 wounded, and 11 missing. The gallant Major Williams, who commanded this regiment, had his horse shot under him. The chivalric Capt. A. P. Russell of the 2nd Kansas, who had passed through a dozen hard fights before, received a bad wound in the breast, of which he had since died. The 11th and 13th Kansas both have long lists of casualties, though what they are precisely I have not learned. I hear the conduct of Colonel Ewing and Lieut-Col. Moonlight, of the former, and Col. Bowen of the latter, spoken of in high terms for their gallantry in the engagement.

All four of the Kansas regiments above named, under the head of their brigade commanders, Colonels Weer and Cloud, penetrated the woods where the enemy lay concealed and fought them there for two hours or more, upon the ground of their own choosing....

In regard to the conduct of the commanding officer of the Federal army in this hard-fought battle (Gen. Blunt) it need hardly be said, of course, that he was, where he always is, in the thickest of the fight, when his presence is at all needed. His first act on reaching the field was to place his artillery, passing a long distance in front of the enemy, nearly up to Herron's command, to do so at the most suitable points, as well as to communicate with that officer. There Rabb's and Tenny's and Hopkins' batteries -- the latter captured at Old Fort Wayne -- soon opened a terrible and destructive fire upon the foe and drove him back into the woods at every point where he had come out from beneath its cover.

Some of the little howitzers, too, joined in the chorus of the cannon, and the enemy danced to it in a most lively manner -- back from the front! When, subsequently, our infantry were about entering the woods, Gen. Blunt with his staff rode up to the crest of the hill, near the house of one Morton, to observe what was going on and to direct any movement that might be necessary. Two of the Kansas regiments were lying flat upon their stomachs, just within the edge of the wood, at the hill-top, prepared to give the enemy a hot reception so soon as they should come within reach. Just then their fire came rattling over the prostrate men, as if delivered for the special benefit of Gen. Blunt and staff; and such undoubtedly was the fact! Nobody

was hit, but the sharp cutting of the twigs overhead and the barking of the trees close at hand, makes the escape seem miraculous.

The case mentioned above is not the only one in which Gen. Blunt and staff received the very special attention of Hindman's "sharpshooters" on the field of Prairie Grove. Late in the day the enemy having gradually worked his way over to the extreme left (our right), near Branch's house, it became necessary to put Tenny's battery, with some of the howitzers, in a new position to dislodge him. They had come up to the edge of the timber and were pouring a terrible cross-fire into some of our people who were holding their ground near Morton's house.

Gen. Blunt went in person with his staff to help to get Tenny's battery properly at work. Hardly had it opened ere the enemy's fire was brought to bear on it -- not musketry merely, but ten artillery guns, as was learned the next day from some of themselves.

Tenny's six "Parrotts" helped by the two troublesome howitzers, soon shut them up for a time; but as Gen. Blunt and staff rode away from under the dense smoke, a perfect shower of long-range "minies" followed them as they went, with an incessant whiz and whirr, indicating very clearly that those from whom they came were bent on something more than a purpose to fire a mere idle shot. It was in that part of the field, by the way, that the enemy's heaviest musketry fire occurred during the day. Renewed by them just at dark -- by way perhaps of a last parting salute -- the blaze from their guns, for several hundred yards along the woods, was more like some "fireworks" I have witnessed than like musketry fire.

It was there that, as Gen. Marmaduke informed the writer, the rebel Col. Steen fell, with a ball through his brain.

Night and darkness finally closed the battle, each party retaining the ground they had occupied at its commencement; the rebels to hide under cover of the woods and in the hollows and ravines, we to "bivouac upon our arms", as Blunt expressed it, on the open prairie and to await the dawn of day to renew the attack. But when dawn came, the enemy had gone, at least most of them. Early in the morning, Hindman sent, under a flag of truce, a message desiring an interview with Gen. Blunt. The request was granted and the interview took place at 9 or 10 o'clock, occupying an hour and a half. Present at it were, with Gen. Hindman, his Adj. General Col. Newton, and Gen. Marmaduke. Accompanying Gen. Blunt were the Inspector General of his division, Major Van Antwerp, and General Herron.

Ambitious, unprincipled, and vindictive as he is, it is not to be questioned that Hindman is a man of a high order of ability and of great resources. Not all of his half a dozen or more brigadiers united, though Marmaduke and Roane, and Parsons and Frost, are of the number (and were here in the battle) could have gotten together, and kept together, an army of men such as he has, and supplied them with arms. In the writer's opinion, he (Hindman) is, in every quality that goes to constitute either the able soldier or statesman, the superior of Sterling Price, whom he knew well in years gone by. But, in Gen. Blunt, Hindman met a man of the sort he did not expect to meet -- clear-headed as well as decided, and not to be turned away from his purpose by any of the diplomatic arts of which he is the master.

R K H E R A L D.

7, DECEMBER 10, 1862.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

NEWS FROM BURNSIDE'S ARMY.

Reports from the Army Headquarters.

HEADQUARTERS, Dec. 9, 1862.

The weather is milder and the snow has melted considerably.

An officer, who came through from Alexandria by land in a strong escort, was told at Dumfries that sixteen rebels, with their wagons, were captured by White's cavalry last week, and the owners made to drive their own teams to some rebel station in the interior. The unit was represented as having a large regiment of cavalry. It has, for several days, been considered unsafe to pass beyond Dumfries without a strong escort.

A special court martial met to-day to try John W. Irwin on the charge of being a spy, he having been captured within our lines. The accused was a private in the 11th Virginia cavalry, and was captured near his brother's house, in the vicinity of Hartwood Court House. It was understood that the court have agreed upon a fine, the result of which is not known.

The following general order has just been published:—No person will be allowed to cross the lines in the direction of the enemy without a pass from these headquarters.

LEWIS RICHMOND,

Assistant Adjutant General.

Our Special Army Correspondence.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 7, 1862.

Cold Snap—The Recent Rains and Snows—The Army Overwhelmed with Snow and Mud—One of the Coldest Nights Ever Known in Virginia—Sufferings of the Soldiers—The Roads Hard on Horses—The Effect on the Men at Aquia Creek—Continuation of the Cold Weather—Preparations for an Active Winter Campaign, &c., &c. It is said that the Army of the Potomac will not go into winter quarters; but it is emphatically in winter quarters now. That is to say, the soldiers are exposed to all severities of winter without winter accommodations. Every soldier is painfully sensible of the fact that winter, with its rains and snows and frosts, is really upon us now. The weather is extremely cold to-day. Last night the frost was intense. I apprehend that the troops suffered on the line of the Rappahannock last night as they did at any time during the winter on the line of the Potomac last year. The suffering among the troops consequent on the recent sudden change of the weather from the sultry air of the Indian summer to the bitter severity of winter can hardly be imagined by our friends at home, and, indeed, could scarcely be fully realized by the sympathetic and appreciative people in the army, until the facts were made known by the medical officers.

Today was a wet and dreary day. Rain fell fast during morning, and the mud in the encampments and the roads, already deep enough, was soon deeper than we had known here this year. In the afternoon the rain was checked by sleet, and, later, the sleet by snow, which seemed to fall throughout the remainder of the afternoon and evening and a portion of the night. Then the rain ceased, clear, cold weather came, and the mercury on the thermometer has been gradually descending to its zero ever since.

The snow storm was much more severe than the one which paid us a passing visit a month ago, during the early part of the campaign. His precaution in providing winter clothing for his men before commencing the march was appreciated by the soldiers then, and it has saved many of their lives. No one can fail to prize the wisdom of that precaution now. Without shoes and overcoats the soldiers would be compelled to endure still greater hardships and privations than are enduring at the present time. The camps of the army along the line of the Rappahannock are completely covered with frozen snow. Shelter tents are the only protection the troops have now from the severities of the winter weather. Whilst the rain and sleet and snow were falling, groups of soldiers could be seen in the several divisions encampments standing in groups near their tents around log fires made of wet wood, and shivering and cheerless at best. Some had the capes of their overcoats thrown over their heads, and others stamping their feet to keep them warm. It was a pitiful sight to see them, and their own feelings for the prospect must have been anything but pleasant. They all felt, practically, that we were really in a winter campaign.

guest of his brother-in-law, Com. Goldsborough. The clerk, it is stated, was a deserter from the rebels, and in his charges has displayed either gross ignorance or malignity.

Dr. Wirt is perfectly willing to give a parole not to give aid or comfort to the enemy, and in every way, so far as integrity of character is concerned, worthy the esteem of all.

At Aquia creek the greatest activity prevails. Steamers of all descriptions, schooners, barges, scows and small craft innumerable constantly throng the wharves, and scores of stalwart contrabands swarm about, unloading supplies or chattering around the fires. Already quite a village of frame houses has sprung up, and others are rapidly approaching completion. The walls of the old engine house, twice scorched by fire, are being again covered with a substantial roof, new wharves are stretching out into the river, and the keels of our transports stir the mud by the ready shores, where the perch and mullet for ages have bred their finny tribes undisturbed. Every available nook is occupied by a railway turn-out, huge engines and long trains of cars, which jostle each other to and fro, and tons of grain, hay and soldiers' rations, piled tier on tier, obstruct the thoroughfares. In the midst of all this apparent confusion complete system is maintained, and vast cargoes of supplies disappear as if by magic, only to make room for more, which in their turn vanish in the winding valley leading to the grand Army of the Potomac.

Yet Aquia is not an attractive abiding place. Drinking water is a mile distant, and nothing but hard tack and its accompaniments in soldier's fare can be procured. A tradition prevails among the troops stationed there that invariably upon the appearance of a respectable sutler a salute is fired in honor of the event, and that no salutes have been fired since the brilliant campaign of last summer. It is amusing to note the woe-stricken countenances of hungry patriots upon reaching this Sahara in their pilgrimage to the army.

Fabulous sums are vainly offered for Christian dinners, and maledictions heaped upon the heads of the powers prohibiting the introduction of comestibles. Notwithstanding the embargo upon traffic, however, an immense amount of it is carried on, though in a new style and by a different class. Convalescents smuggle in whiskey, tobacco and cigars in great quantities, which, sold to the troops at enormous profits renders brief furloughs highly desirable, and many a man gets through to Washington for no other purpose than to supply himself with this merchandise.

A new plan has been recently adopted in transporting supplies, and thus far succeeds admirably. Two canal boats are lashed together, across which are laid two or more tracks of railroad iron. Upon these are placed the empty cars, which, upon being loaded at Alexandria, are towed to Aquia, run off on to the railroad, and thence to Falmouth before discharging the load. In the transportation of hay and grain a great saving is thus realized, as an immense amount is necessarily wasted at every place of loading or discharging.

Several cargoes of straw are being unloaded at Aquia for the comfort of the sick and wounded. This is tied in small bundles and then bound in bales, like bales of hay.

An extensive depot has also been established on the Maryland shore for use in case of emergencies. The army at present, however, is abundantly supplied. Colonel Clark, Chief Commissary, and his assistant, Captain Cox, have been indefatigably laboring day and night in hastening forward supplies, and have at length succeeded in furnishing the entire army with a sufficient number of rations to subsist it through an extensive campaign. Few are aware of the gigantic proportions of this department of the service. Flour, meal, hard bread, beans, rice, potatoes and onions, beef, pork, coffee, sugar, molasses, vinegar, salt, &c., must all be transported, issued and accounted for. Of course a soldier does not draw all these articles at one time; but still they must be kept on hand; and not until we take into consideration the magnitude of the army, the difficulties in transportation and the fickle tastes of the men, can a proper realization be had of the labor and responsibility. Fresh horses and new wagons are constantly arriving; yet the Quartermaster's and Commissary's departments are crippled for lack of transportation, and great privations in the approaching campaign cannot be avoided. The troops, however, are all anxious for the start, and will endure long and patiently if the end by these means can be more successfully accomplished.

Many of the regiments have been recently paid off, and greenbacks again abound. Much of the money has already been sent home, though large sums are daily squandered for trash temptingly displayed by the sutlers. The delay of the paymasters has occasioned great inconvenience, a number of officers having been compelled to resign by the wants of their families at home.

The storm of Friday has been exceedingly severe upon the troops, their shelter tents having afforded but very little protection. Few cases of sickness have been reported; but disease cannot fail to appear after such chilling exposure. Brighter and warmer days are anxiously looked for, though the prospect of flooded streams and fathomless roads, incident to a sudden disappearance of the snow, is far from pleasing. The earth is still covered to the depth of two inches, and the forests bend with their wintry drapery; but a few more such days as yesterday will again give us good roads and a comfortable degree of temperature.

DECISIVE VICTORY IN ARKANSAS.

Desperate General Engagement Near Fayetteville.

The Flower of the Rebel Trans-Mississippi Army Defeated.

Triumph of the Union Generals Herron and Blunt Over the Rebel Generals Hindman, Parsons, Rains, Frost and Marmaduke.

Six Hundred Unionists and Fifteen Hundred Rebels Killed and Wounded.

Dec., Dec., Dec.

BATTLE FIELD, NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., }
Dec. 8, 1862. }

General Herron's forces, en route to reinforce General Blunt, met the enemy yesterday on Crawford's Prairie, ten miles south of Fayetteville, Ark., and won a decisive victory.

The enemy were 24,000 strong, divided into four divisions, under Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Frost and Rains, all under General Hindman, and embraced the flower of the rebel trans-Mississippi army, well supplied, with eighteen pieces of artillery. The enemy flanked General Blunt's position at Cane Hill, and made a sudden attack upon General Herron to prevent him uniting with General Blunt.

General Herron's force consisted of the Ninety-fourth and Thirty-first Illinois, Nineteenth and Twentieth Iowa, Twenty-sixth Indiana, Twentieth Wisconsin, a battalion or two of cavalry, in all 6,500 to 7,000 men, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

The battle raged from ten A. M. until dark, and was desperately fought throughout. Our artillery drove the rebels from two strong positions, and kept their overwhelming numbers at bay. The Twentieth Wisconsin captured a rebel battery of four heavy guns, but were forced to abandon them under a murderous fire. The Nineteenth Iowa also took the same battery and fought desperately, but were also obliged to yield it. Almost every regiment distinguished itself.

About four o'clock General Blunt arrived from Cane Hill with five thousand men and a strong force of artillery, and attacked the rebels in the rear. The rebels made desperate efforts to capture his batteries, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter.

We held the whole field at dark, and before nine o'clock that night the entire rebel force were in full retreat over Boston Mountain.

Our loss in killed and wounded was six hundred. The rebel loss was fifteen hundred by their own admission. Several of the rebel field officers were killed, among them Colonel Skein, commanding a brigade, formerly a Brig-

"COME ALL YOU SONS OF IOWAY"

by W. J. Lemke

A soldier of the 19th Iowa regiment wrote a ballad, at the end of the war, commemorating the battle of Prairie Grove. This ballad is still being sung by the folk singers of the Ozarks -- 97 years after it was written! It has undergone changes, as most folk songs do, but has kept its meter and rhymes. Here is the song, as copied from the original manuscript, with misspellings and punctuation corrected but no other changes.

A SONG BALLAD by John M. Wyatt

May 23rd, 1865

Come all you sons of Ioway and listen to my song.
If you will pay attention, I'll not detain you long.

It was of a gallant charge that we made at Prairie Grove
Against the Southern forces, where every member strove.

Our officers being brave, they led us with good will,
And although we were outnumbered, we charged them up the hill.

And volley after volley we made our shots to tell
Till our brave Lieut.Colonel and Sergt.Major fell.

Through fields of blood we waded, then cannon loud did roar,
And many a brave commander lay bleeding in his gore.

And heaps of mangled soldiers lay over the field that day
That were killed or wounded, of the 19th Ioway.

They had us so outnumbered that we thought they'd gain the day;
But then old Blunt's artillery over them began to play

Which caused such dreadful horror, it put them all to flight
And they withdrew their forces under cover of the night.

Next morning we were sorry to see the Rebels' wives
Hunting their dead husbands, with melancholy cries.

And sisters finding brothers - they wrung their hands and cried
Saying "Dear dead bloody brothers, for Southern rights you died."

Now the battle is all over and our soldiers rest from toil.
So carefully we placed our dead beneath the Southern soil.

We placed them all in order, as formed on dress parade,
And placed a board at each man's head to mark where he was laid.

The author of this ballad was a poor speller. The title of the original reads "A song ballot roten by John M. Wyatt." Present participles eluded him, hence "hunten" and "finden" for "hunting" and "finding." He wrote "cried" and "died" thus -- "cride" and "dide". Prairie Grove was "Prarey Grove". And so on. However, his facts are correct: "We

charged them up the hill" and "Our brave Lieut.Colonel and Sergt.Major fell" and "the killed or wounded of the 19th Ioway." Of whom there were many.

Wyatt's last verse reads as follows in the original:

"We plast them all in order
as formed our desporade
and plast a bord at each mans hed
to mark where he was laid."

This verse has been changed in each of the four versions that we have seen. Through the courtesy of the Arkansas Folklore Society, we have a copy of the ballad as sung some 10 or 12 years ago by Doney Hammontree, noted folk singer of Farmington, Ark. His endorsement says "I learned this about 70 years ago." His last verse reads thus:

"We laid them all in order
As forms on dress parade,
And placed a stone at each man's head
Ro mark where he was laid."

Through the years the "bord" at each man's head had become a "stone". Also note these changes. Wyatt wrote:

"Our brave Lieut.Colonel and Sergt.Major fell".

Doney Hammontree sang it:

"Our brave Lieut.Colonel and Sergeant Magee fell".

Again, Wyatt's original reads:

"Heaps of mangled soldiers lay over the field that day
That was killed or wounded of the 19th Ioway."

Seventy years later, Doney Hammontree sang it thus:

"Lots of gallant soldiers lay on the field that day,
That had been killed or wounded by the 18th Cavalry."

This is one of the charms of folklore -- to see how ballads, which are usually sung and seldom written down, can change through the years. Except for changing the "19th Ioway" to the "18th Cavalry", no great historical damage has been done.

PRAIRIE GROVE - AN INCIDENT

"The fight was most determined and the slaughter immense. I was struck at four o'clock P.M., while we were being driven back from a too far advanced position. We were outflanked and had to run 300 yards over open ground and exposed to a murderous fire from the right, left, and centre or rear. Here we lost Lieut-Colonel McFarland. We lost one-half of our regiment, and in Company D more than half our effective men. I was hit at the commencement of the retreat and was near being captured, as I could not run. When more than halfway to our battery, the color-sergeant fell and I received the colors. The pursuing rebel colonel shouted: 'God d--n them, take their colors!' This enraged me, and I hallooed back: 'You can't do it.' The cowardly rascals did not dare to close on me but let go a volley which left nine holes in the flag and eighteen in my clothes! Four bullets passed through the cuff of my shirt-sleeves, but they could not wound the hand that held the old flag."

(Editor's note: The above incident was related by Lieut. Will S. Brooks of the 19th Iowa Volunteers. It was published in the Peoria, Ill. Transcript and reprinted in Volume 6 of Rebellion Record. -- WJL)

THE TURRENTINE POEM

(Editor's note: Of the many poems that were written about the battle of Prairie Grove, the one that was best liked, most clipped, and most pasted-into-scrapbooks 80 years ago, was Mary E. Turrentine's "Lines on a Prairie Grove Farm." The poem was written ten years after the battle while the young poet was living on a farm about halfway between Farmington and Prairie Grove. We take pleasure in reprinting the poem in our Prairie Grove Centennial issue. Old Poems never die; they are reprinted every hundred years. -- WJL)

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LINES written on a PRAIRIE GROVE FARM
October 17-18, 1872

by Mary E. Turrentine

Peaceful tonight on Illinois,
The round moon breaks her quiver;
And shadows from the autumn woods
Dance on the rippling river.
The murmur of the whisp'ring wave,
"Round stone and sighing willow,
Seems crooning soft, a lullaby,
As by some slumberer's pillow.

And low, and sweet, an undertone,
Like some sad fairy's sighing,
Sounds still tonight in fancy's ear,
As to our hearts replying;
For here the memory will come,
That this fair streamlet dashing
With dancing feet on stock and stone,
Our heroes' graves is washing.

That here, where now in peaceful strife
Are toil and beauty blended,
The battle's smoke obscured the sky
And high toward heaven ascended;
Where now, with jest and laugh and song
Ride groups of happy lasses,
Poured in resistless shock along
The charge's serried masses.

Where now, the jovial farmers spread
The fair fruits of their labor,
Was once thick-strewn the bloody swath
Mown by the gleaming sabre.
With shout and cheer for jest and song,
The echoes wild were crying
And still the cannon's pealing drowned
The moaning of the dying.

And yonder where the sighing stream
Moans on by rock and willow,
Are sleeping now our martyred dead
each on his bloody pillow;

And tearful fancy lends a chord
Which thro' all nature creeping
Gives even to the woods and waves
A voice to join our weeping.

Yet ours alone, the tears and pain:
All quietly they slumber.
And He who watches o'er their dust
And can each atom number
Hath cared for their immortal souls
And judged in loving kindness.
And while we trust them in His hands,
Our faith atones for blindness.

Yet still we feel, oh martyred dead,
'Tis ours to guard you sleeping,
To deck the turf above your bed
And tireless watch be keeping.
To lay you down to still repose
Where plow-share rude, shall never
Disturb the turf above your head,
A heritage forever,

Which handed down from age to age,
While stand these mountains hoary,
Shall our descendants point with pride
And still repeat the story
Of how they poured for home their blood
As Illinois her waters;
And how their monument was built
By Dixie's sorrowing daughters.

LAST SURVIVORS OF UCV CAMP

A Confederate flag was presented by the Southern Memorial Association of Washington County to Camp Pat Cleburne No. 216, U.C.V. This flag was carried on Confederate Memorial Day at Fayetteville for more than 50 years. It was returned to the donors when the camp was disbanded in 1925 by the following veterans: W.J. Mount, Chas. Vance, L.L. Kantz, A.H. Norman, P.G. Freiley, P.F. Davison, J.M. Kinnibrugh, and A.B. Lewis. The flag is now in the archives of the Arkansas History Commission, Old State House, Little Rock.

FAYETTEVILLE PUBLISHER AIDS WAR BULLETIN

No. 6 of the War Bulletin, published by Confederate troops in Fayetteville early in 1862, contains this thank-you note: "Mr. Moore, postmaster of Fayetteville, and Mr. W.E. Smith, editor of the Arkansian, will accept our kindest thanks for repeated acts of kindness and courtesy. A stranger and sojourner only, we prize such civilities." Moore owned the town's printing plant (Fayetteville Democrat) and Smith was his editor and printer. E.B. Moore entered the Confederate army and his printing plant and equipment were destroyed. The Democrat was not re-established until 1868.



THE MORTON HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE GROVE BATTLEFIELD

It was in this house that the Morton, Borden and other families huddled while the battle was being fought. The 11th Kansas charged up the hill past this house. The photo was made in 1911 when Wm. E. Connelly, Kansas historian, re-visited the field.



THE MORROW HOUSE ON COVE CREEK

This is the house in which the Confederate generals met on the night before the battle. The family shown is that of Thomas Morrow. The picture is copied from an old tin-type.

AT JOHN MORROW'S ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 6

(Editor's note: This account of the meeting of the Confederate high command on the night before Prairie Grove is from Edwards: Shelby and His Men. The Morrow house stood on a rocky bluff on Cove Creek, eight miles south of Prairie Grove. The house has been moved to Battlefield Park where it serves as a battle museum. John and Mariah Morrow sleep in the family cemetery on Cove Creek. -- WJL)

-1862-1962-

At Morrow's farm, the point of divergence of the Fayetteville and Cane Hill roads - which again meet at Prairie Grove- Hindman assembled his general officers on the night of December 6th for final instructions, which were that Colonel Monroe with one regiment of cavalry should demonstrate at dawn on the mountain crest overlooking Cane Hill, deceiving Blunt into the belief that the attack would be from that direction and to constantly advise Hindman of his movement.

Before, however, this point had been reached and while Hindman was at Fort Smith, General Marmaduke wrote to him that the time had come for attacking Blunt in force. General Hindman sent for Marmaduke and a conference was held at Hindman's headquarters in which all the general officers participated. Hindman, Marmaduke and Fagan were for immediate battle; Shoup, Frost and Roane were rather lukewarm and undecided. Marmaduke insisted that the movements should be made with all possible haste, and Frost desired time to get shoes and clothing for his men, which was granted, and two or three days of great moment lost.

In this conference at Morrow's farm, the night of December 6th, the plan of attack was discussed -- Shoup and Frost desiring to attack Plunt squarely upon his head at Cane Hill, Marmaduke and Hindman proposing that the main body of the army should move east around the position, attack Blunt upon his rear and left flank, and force him from his well-prepared stronghold about Cane Hill. The latter plan had been adopted and the necessary orders issued, when news came that heavy reinforcements were approaching Blunt, between Fayetteville and Cane Hill, showing that Holmes had drawn off the troops that were to prevent this concentration, by threatening to move from Yellville toward Springfield.

General Herron, an intelligent and energetic soldier, had marched to the help of his threatened comrades with untiring strength, and was now at Fayetteville, 12 miles east of Cane Hill, ready to join arms in battle if not prevented suddenly. Hindman knew all this from Shelby's unerring scouts and decided at once with promising alacrity. Shelby got his orders to force in at precisely 4 o'clock in the morning, Blunt's entire guards, and, after giving them a good start over the mountain, turn squarely off to the left and take the road to Prairie Grove, a central position between Blunt and Herron, and by which neither could pass without paying bloody toll, intending to follow rapidly himself and precipitate his entire army in one sudden blow upon Herron before Blunt could possibly succor him. The better to impose upon Blunt and detain him at Cane Hill, one regiment of cavalry was placed under command of Col. James S. Monrow, a skillful and daring Arkansas officer, who was to follow the retiring outposts of Blunt and detain him as long as possible at his camp after becoming engaged.

Hindman's determination to fight was wise and politic, as his force would have been more demoralized by flight than by the chance of battle, and he announced to his officers that the only change in the plan would be to put Parsons' brigade in Blunt's rear, across the Fayetteville road, with the main body, instead of moving on Blunt, as before designed, was to be thrown vigorously on the reinforcing column, to destroy it if possible before Blunt could recover from his surprise.

Precisely at 4 o'clock, Shelby's brigade left their glowing fires and moved out in the cold and darkness to attack the watchful sentinels keeping stern guard over their sleeping army. Shelby's regiment led, and Capt. Scott Bullard's company, deployed as skirmishers at the head of the column, disappeared in the heavy woods for a surprise. The Moon had gone down hours before, and the cold stars twinkled in a frosty sky with a red, ominous light. The silence was oppressive and the crouching soldiers strained their eyes eagerly forward in the darkness to catch the first defined object with semblance of a man.

The moon this night had been eclipsed, too -- and upon many of the soldiers the weird mysterious appearance of the sky, the pale ghost-like phantom of a cloud across its crimson disc -- had much of superstitious influence. At first, when the glowing camp-fires had burned low and comfortable, a great flood of radiance was pouring over the mountains and silvering even the hoary white beard of the moss clustering about the blank bare faces of the precipices. The shadows contracted finally. The moon seemed on fire and burned itself to ashes. The gigantic buckler of the heavens, studded all over with star-diamonds, had for its boss a gloomy, yellowish struggling moon. Like a wounded king, it seemed to bleed royally over the nearest cloud, then wrap its dark mantle about its face, even as Caesar did, and sink gradually into extinction. There was a hollow grief of the winds among the trees, and the snowy phantasm of the frost crinkled and rustled its gauze robes under foot. The men talked in subdued voices around their camp-fires, and were anxious to draw from the eclipse some happy augury. Relief exhibited itself on every face when the moon at last shone out broad and good, and the dark shadows were again lit up with tremulous rays of light.

HAS SOUVENIR OF PRAIRIE GROVE

William G. Thompson of Tenaflly, New Jersey, wrote us:

Dear Mr. Lemke: Thank you for the Civil War Centennial Newsletter in which you published the letter that my grandfather wrote from Fayetteville after the battle of Prairie Grove. You recall that he was with the 20th Iowa and was wounded in the battle.

I am enclosing two steel engravings of Generals Herron and Curtis. Also two envelopes mailed from Iowa to my grandfather fighting in Arkansas. (Editor's note: These two pictures and the envelopes are shown on one of the picture pages in this issue of FLASHBACK. - WJL)

I have in my possession what I believe to be a minnie ball fired in the battle of Prairie Grove and kept by my grandfather as a souvenir. I will be glad to send it to you for your museum if you have some way of establishing its authenticity other than my word that it has been in our family's possession for almost 100 years.

BUCK AND BALL

by W. J. Lemke

Although it is generally known that the Kansas troops that participated in the battle of Prairie Grove published one issue of a newspaper called "Buck and Ball", at Cane Hill (Dec. 6-10, 1862), it is not so well known that another Federal army newspaper was published at Cane Hill, called "The Arkansas Traveler."

We have acquired a photostatic copy of the second issue of this wartime newspaper, dated Jan. 1, 1863. The original of this rare publication is in the archives of the Arkansas History Commission, Little Rock. The front page is reproduced herewith.

The typography of the "Arkansas Traveler" is superior to the earlier "Buck and Ball", chiefly because the type fonts had been cleaned up in the intervening weeks. However, everything about the "Arkansas Traveler" (make-up, press work, etc.) suggests that it was produced by the same printers of the 11th Kansas who produced "Buck and Ball."

There are two versions of how a printing press and equipment happened to be in the small village of Cane Hill. J. P. Neal in his history of Prairie Grove says the plant was that of William Quesenbury ("Bill Cush") who had moved it from Fayetteville for safe-keeping. But William E. Connelley, Kansas soldier and historian, says the printing plant had been used by the Jones Mission in the Cherokee Nation and was turned over to the merchants of Cane Hill as security for debts, when the war began and the missionaries went north. Here are excerpts from the two accounts.

"History of Buck and Ball", by J. P. Neal

A paper with the above name was printed at Boonsborough (Cane Hill) on the 6th and the morning of the 8th (?) of December, 1862, by members of Coll Preston B. Plumb's Kansas Regiment.

They found stored away in a cabin in the outskirts of the village a printing outfit. It was moved from Fayetteville and put there by William Quesenbury for safe keeping when he started to join the Confederate army. A few years after the battle, a number of copies of Buck and Ball were found stored away in a little log house which had previous to the war been used by Uncle Buck as a temporary blacksmith shop.

I believe it was in 1869 when Tilghman Addison was teaching school at this place, spent a day with me, and during part of the day perusing and rummaging over the old papers and rubbish left in the shop, that we came across a number of copies of Buck and Ball. I did not pay much attention to them and have never seen nor heard of them since. In fact they had almost escaped my memory but a while back in reading the memoirs of the death of Senator Preston B. Plumb of Kansas, my mind was called back to them by reading a piece connected therewith. I wrote a short piece concerning what I knew of the paper, which was published in the Fayetteville Sentinel, inquiring if there was any one now living who had a copy or knew anything about the paper whatever.

In a short time I received a letter from M. F. Lake of Pawnee, Okla. (son of Colonel Lake, an old and honored citizen of this Valley), stating that he thought he could procure me a copy of the paper from an old Federal soldier living in Kansas. Subsequently, entirely through the kindness of Mr. Lake, which we greatly appreciate, the copy was received with the provision that it be taken care of and returned.

It was a neat little folio eight by twelve inches, printed in brevier type, containing the battle of Cane Hill, the Battle of Prairie Grove, Gen. Hindman's address to his troops, and several shorter editorials. It had for its motto "72 Cal. Gives the Rebels H--l."

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Connelley's account appears in his "Life of Preston B. Plumb", in Chapter XXI, pages 8-10. Here it is:

Buck & Ball, by William E. Connelley

The advance of the Union army found at Cane Hill the equipment of a small printing office in a log cabin at the edge of town. The type was scattered over the floor and in the yard, and the press was in pieces and parts of it had been destroyed. When the Eleventh Kansas arrived it camped about the cabin, and Major Plumb took charge of the newspaper plant. It had been in use in the Cherokee Nation and was sent to Cane Hill when the war began.

The type was about equally divided between English and Cherokee characters. Plumb called to his aid a number of Kansas Newspaper men, Ross, Crawford and others. They patiently assorted the type, enough of which remained to set up a small paper. The large type had been carried off by the soldiers who first discovered it, and there was not enough left for a title-head. After cutting one letter from a block of wood, the name of the proposed paper was set up -- Buck & Ball. This name described the charge of the ancient guns with which the Eleventh was armed, three buckshot and a 72-caliber ball. The motto adopted was an exclamation of John H. Kitts, a soldier of the Eleventh, a peculiar character, a Yankee, a good printer, and one of the compositors of the paper, and was "Kansas Is Pisen to the Hull of 'Em." Another of his expressions is "Caliber 72 - Gives the Rebels H--l." *

(* A Baptist missionary, Jones, established the Mission among the Cherokees a few miles west of Cincinnati, Arkansas about 1832. He taught the Indians, principally full-bloods, anti-slavery sentiments. When one was converted to the belief against slavery, he was given a pin or badge to wear. These were known as "Pin" Indians, often mentioned in the annals of the Civil War. This is the origin of the name.

At this mission there was printed an edition of the Bible in the Cherokee language. When the Civil War began, these missionaries could not remain in the Cherokee Nation, and they returned north. They were in debt to merchants at Cane Hill, and they hauled the press, type, forms and other appliances of their office to that town and turned them over to the merchants as security for the debts. That is how it came that Plumb found a press and printing material at Cane Hill. Sequoyah, possibly the greatest Indian that ever lived, worked as a printer at the Mission. He was a Pin Indian.)

Compliments of H. H. Anderson

BUCK & BALL.

"Calibre 72, gives the rebels h—l."—J. H. KITTs.

PUBLISHED BY THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT KANSAS VOLUNTEERS.

VOL. 1.

CANE HILL, ARK., SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1862.

NO. 1.

THE 11th KANSAS.

We have been furnished by Lieutenant Gragg, Sergeant Taber, and Private Kivars, of the Eleventh, notes from their Diaries of the march of that regiment from Fort Leavenworth, from which we are enabled to make up the following history of that long and tedious expedition. We propose, in future numbers, to continue the history, so that at the end of the war the members of the Eleventh, and their friends, may be supplied with a complete record of all its marches, and battles—a record which cannot but possess rare interest to all concerned.

The Regiment was regularly mustered into the service for three years, or during the war, on the 14th of September, with Thomas Ewing, Jr., as Colonel. Thomas Moonlight was subsequently mustered as Lieutenant Colonel, and P. B. Plumb, as Major. After a course of instruction by Captain Walkinshaw, the regiment was ordered to reinforce the Division of Gen. Blunt, then operating in Missouri. Accordingly, it took up the line of march from camp Lyon, near Fort Leavenworth, on Saturday, the 4th of October. Made camp after a march of 12 miles, on a point south of Leavenworth, and in honor of the colonel, it was christened camp Ewing.

The next day's march was 15 miles, crossing the Kaw river to camp Moonlight, immediately south of the town of De Soto.

The next was 80 miles to camp Plumb, on Bull Creek, 2 1/2 miles south of the town of Marysville.

Nothing special occurred on these marches. The men being mostly unused to traveling on foot, were of course very much jaded by starting off thus briskly on a long journey, but were content, and bore the fatigues of the march with unexampled cheerfulness and good humor. Many were the jokes passed at the meagre and ragged appearance of the respective companies as they came filing up the banks of Bull Creek into camp, caused by so many falling out by the way from over fatigue.

The road thus far had been extremely dry, and there being much wind, the men suffered from thirst and dust.

On the 7th the regiment marched to Twin Springs, a distance of 28 miles, crossing the Marias des Cygnes. At Paola the 12th Regiment, Colonel C. W. Adams was drawn up in line and saluted the 11th in military style as it passed.

At Twin Springs a heavy rain and wind storm occurred during the night blowing down several tents, drenching the earth, and creating much confusion throughout the camp, delaying the command until afternoon, when it again took the road and marched to Sugar creek, near the town of Paris.

The 9th was as disagreeable a day as it is often the lot of a soldier to travel. The rain was cold and incessant, and coming much of the time in the faces of the men, was, with the consequent mud, very trying. Passed through Paris, Moneka, and Mound city, to Fort Lincoln, a distance of 15 miles. That march will long be remembered by those who were required to make it, as one of great discomfort and suffering. It was somewhat relieved, however, by a train of wagons sent from Fort Scott by General Lane to carry the arms of the regiment from Mound city to that point. That part of the march, 12 miles, was made in extremely quick time, although in the face of a driving storm.

The march from Fort Lincoln to Fort Scott, on the 10th, a distance of 13 miles, was comparatively comfortable. At Fort Scott the regiment lay until the afternoon of the 13 awaiting the ammunition and provision train of 60 wagons which it was to convey to General Blunt, then in southwestern Missouri, and operating against the enemy.

Left camp Blunt, near Fort Scott, on the afternoon of the 13th, accompanied by Lieutenant E. A. Smith with a portion of Blair's battery, and camped 12 miles south, near the scene of the battle of Dry Wood in which then, Captain Moonlight, with his "battery," one little howitzer, checked the advance of the rebels upon Kansas, protecting the State from invasion.

On the 13th, marched 10 miles in camp Stanton, on big prairie, in Missouri. Target shooting was practiced here by companies for the first time, and the muskets, owing to their large calibre and forcible shooting, were dubbed by the Col. "light artillery," causing much amusement.

On the 14th marched to camp Henning, 28 miles beyond, camped near the little town of Preston, once quite a pleasant and thriving village, but now entirely deserted and the streets grown to grass—a sad relic of war's devastation and ruin. The inhabitants were said to be mostly loyal to the government, and for this were driven out by the secession marauders, and many of them murdered.

On the 18th passed over the scene of General Sigel's celebrated retreat, near Carthage, the men picking up many relics of that hotly contested fight. Forged Spring river, and it being the first instance of having to walk through rivers, many were the grotesque and laughable incidents that occurred.

Passed through the once prosperous town of Carthage, now fearfully wrecked by Sigel's guns and soldiers, camped five miles beyond, at camp Sigel, after a march of 17 miles; met at Carthage, a long train of U. S. and emigrant wagons, bound for Kansas, with the

wounded from the battle of Newtonia, of a few days before—the emigrants on their way to permanent residence in Kansas, having been driven out by their rebel neighbors. Were joined here by two companies from the Wisconsin 2d.

On the 19th marched 30 miles to camp Schofield; pleasantly situated in a small valley between high hills, but a rather dangerous locality under the circumstances. The camp was somewhat disturbed by rumors of the near proximity of large guerilla forces, but no serious alarm occurred.

On the 17th marched 18 miles, through Newtonia, the scene of a recent hard fought battle, to the little town of Stony Comfort, a very comfortable place, though well named, so far as the stony part was concerned. Roads very hilly and rocky, and pure running water abundant, affording ample opportunity for the men to practice on "wading in"—a lesson they did not forget on the great march of the 27th and 28th ult.

October 18th, marched 20 miles to camp Totten, three miles south of Keatsville, on Springfield and Fayetteville roads. Passed through Keatsville, which looked desolate enough—the inhabitants nearly all left, and all kinds of business stopped. This in fact was the case along the entire march through Missouri and Arkansas.

Sunday, October 19th, overtook the main command at Elk Horn Tavern, the scene of General Curtis' great battle with the rebels last summer. The regiment was here reviewed and addressed in very complimentary terms by Brigadier General Schofield, commanding Division, and hospitably dined with Colonel Weer's brigade, for which kindness the Eleventh takes this occasion to again express its sense of obligation. Made camp Cloud immediately to the right of Pea Ridge, after a march 16 miles and was introduced to its present brigade commander—the gallant and accomplished soldier and gentleman—Colonel Cloud.

October 20, again resumed the line of march in pursuit of the enemy, at 6 p. m., for Bentonville, 15 miles distant, which was reached without unusual incident at daybreak next morning. This was once a beautiful place but is now in utter ruin.

The 21st was another night's march of 18 miles to near Mayxville, supposing the enemy to there. They having fallen back, the pursuit was continued next morning, the 22d, to Fort Wayne, 8 miles further, most of the distance on a "double quick," but arrived on the field only in time to see the enemy "double quickening" the other way, leaving their 4 pieces of artillery

(Continued on fourth page.)

Six columns were set and the forms made up for one side of the paper which had been made to conform to the size of the army foolscap, the only supply of paper available. Capital letters were few and proper names did not always have them. Sometimes italic letters were, of necessity, used with the others. The old press was tinkered to the point where it could be used, and 1,500 copies printed on one side. Great ingenuity was exercised in getting a supply of paper. All the foolscap the Eleventh had or could get was used. Some wall paper was found and that was worked off. Just as the last sheets were being printed, Major Plumb was ordered to the front, to the top of Reed's Mountain, where he helped hold the Confederate army in check on the 6th.

On the 7th, as we passed through Cane Hill, he looked in on the printing office. There was the half-printed edition on the floor. He rolled the sheets into a bundle which he tied with a cord. As he reached the door an ambulance came by, the last to leave. Plumb threw the bundle into the ambulance and went on with his regiment. About the third day after the battle of Prairie Grove, when the regiment was back at Cane Hill, he went in search of his paper and found it in the ambulance. An account of the battle of Prairie Grove was written, as were some editorials, and these were put in type; forms for the other side were made up and the paper was run off. The first and fourth pages were printed first, being dated Dec. 6, 1862. The second and third pages were printed in the last impression, and contain an account of the battle and other occurrences on the 7th and later. It was the intention to continue the publication but General Schofield doubted the propriety of so doing, and only one number was issued.

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(Editor's note: The origin of the name BUCK AND BALL for the army paper published at Cane Hill after the battle of Prairie Grove is thus described in an old issue of Philatelic Gossip, sent to us by Judge Harry J. Lemley of Hope, Ark.: The quotation that follows appeared in an article entitled "The Battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas" written by Thomas Parks.)

"In the Philatelic Gossip for Feb. 7, 1953, I related some of the troubles the Confederates had with 12 calibers of rifles, etc., and mentioned that the Federals had 69 different makes of rifles, revolvers, etc. Although some large caliber muskets bought in Europe for the Union Army were still on sale in 1931 in brand new condition and in the original packing cases, because Eastern Yankee troops said they kicked too hard, rugged individualists from Kansas were not too finicky and cheerfully shouldered the 72 caliber flintlock. These muskets were made during the Revolutionary War and had probably been used in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War, before being issued in 1862.

To make the "kick" even worse, the cartridges not only contained a round lead ball almost three-quarters of an inch in diameter, but also three one-quarter inch buckshot! The 54 caliber Mississippi Rifle was supposed to "kick like a mule" - the 72's were called "light artillery" by the Colonel of the 11th Kansas, and thereby hangs this tale. The Regiment named its newspaper BUCK AND BALL after its ammunition.

THE FIRST ARKANSAS CAVALRY, USA

(Editor's note: The first Union regiment organized in Arkansas, and the first from any seceded state, was the First Arkansas Cavalry. Its members were chiefly from Madison, Carroll, Washington and neighboring counties, with a liberal sprinkling of soldiers from Missouri and one entire company (Co. K) from south Arkansas. Some of its members were prominent in post-war history, as for example Col. M. L. Harrison, the engineer who laid out the city of Harrison; Lt. Col. A.W. Bishop, who became the second president of the University; and Adjts. E.B. Harrison and D.D. Stark who became prominent bankers in Fayetteville. We have been unable to locate the company rosters, but the officers were as follows. -- WJL)

-1862-1962-

The First Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers were mustered into the Federal service at Springfield, Mo., on August 7, 1862.

Colonel - M. LaRue Harrison

Lt. Colonels - Albert I. Bishop and Thos. J. Hunt

Majors - James J. Johnson, Ezra Fitch, Charles Galloway,

John I. Worthington, Richard H. Wimpy,

Hugo C.C. Botefuhr, Frank Strong

Surgeon - Henry J. Maynard

Chaplain - Reuben North

Adjutants - Denton D. Stark, Henry M. Kidder

Adjutant 1st Bn. - E. B. Harrison

Adjutant 2nd Bn. - Frank Strong

Regtl. Quartermasters - J. H. Wilson, John M. Bigger

Regtl. Commissaries - Thomas J. Rice, John A. Maxwell

Non-Commissioned Staff

Sgt. Majors, Robert Thompson, Thos. Brooks, Warren W. Munday,

Simeon A. Baker, Jonathan Douglas

Regtl. QM-Sgts - John M. Bigger, James C. Summers

Regtl. Com-Sgts - Thomas H. Scott, Jeremiah B. Hale

Hosp. Stewards - Amos H. Coffee, W.E. Maynard, Melancthon

Hilbert, Thos. J. McCord, S. W. Chism

Trumpeters - John Pool, O. A. Whitcomb, James Lusk

Captains

Co. A - Steward H. Carlile, Joshua Dudley

Co. B - Bracken Lewis, Hugo C.C. Botefuhr

Co. C - Ezra Fitch, Chas. C. Moss, Elizur B. Harrison

Co. D - Jesse M. Gilstrap, Wm. L. Messenger, James Allison

Co. E - Charles Galloway, George R. King

Co. F - (Benton County)

Co. G - (Carroll County and Missouri)

Co. H - John I. Worthington, Lawson L. Jernigan

Co. I - DeWitt C. Hopkins

Co. K - (South Arkansas)

Co. L - John Bonine, Joseph S. Robb, Frank Strong

Co. M - Robert E. Travis, Wm. S. Johnson, John B.C. Thurman

The First Arkansas Cavalry did outpost duty at Elkhorn Tavern before the battle of Prairie Grove. On Dec. 5, 1862, Colonel Harrison took eight companies and a train of 20 wagons and moved to join General Blunt at Cane Hill. On the morning of Dec. 7 they ran into the Confederate advance at Prairie Grove and panic ensued. The wagon train was captured and the regiment demoralized. Falling back to Walnut Grove church, Colonel Harrison rallied his men upon the right of General Herron's army and advanced with it to Prairie Grove.

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER

WE PLAY THE "TURN" TO THE TUNE.—KANSAS JOURNAL.

VOL. 1.

CANE HILL, ARK., JANUARY 1, 1862.

NO. 2.

THE BLUNT AND HINDMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Early in the morning following the Prairie Grove battle, and just as Gen. Blunt was moving his troops into position to resume the battle closed by darkness the evening before, he received a note from Gen. Hindman—by a flag of truce—asking a personal interview, and a suspension of hostilities until it could be had. At the same time Gen. Blunt's scouts brought information that the enemy were 20 miles distant in full retreat for Van Buren. Effective pursuit being impossible, on account of the fatigued condition of the men and horses of Gen. Blunt's command, he consented to the personal interview asked for by Hindman, and at which an agreement for an armistice for six hours for the purpose of burying the dead and caring for the wounded was made—Gen. Hindman pleading earnestly for its extension to 36 hours, and Gen. Blunt refusing.

At this interview Gen. Hindman admitted being defeated in the battle of the day previous, and attributed it to our superiority in artillery. An arrangement for the exchange of prisoners was also made. Gen. Hindman protested against the use of Indians as soldiers; to which Gen. Blunt replied that the Confederates had first employed them and had used them as long as they found it profitable, and he thought that it would be but fair that the Federals should use them as long as they found them of service!

The annexed correspondence between Gen. Blunt and Gen. Hindman followed the interview above mentioned, and explains itself:

Headq's 1st Corps Trans. Miss. Army,
Dec. 9th, 1862.

GENERAL:—I send in charge of Col. C. Kane, C. S. A. who bears this flag, the medicines and hospital stores, and one of the ambulances captured by my troops in the engagement of the 7th inst., the other ambulance was broken down and left by the roadside.

Col. C. Kane also takes ambulances and supplies for my wounded at Prairie Grove.

On yesterday during our interview, your command asked me to return of your command were removing arms from the battlefield. I called your attention to the fact that you were going to Brig. Gen. Herron, of your command, in order to get such arrangements made. The action of your command was perfectly satisfactory and proper.

and your officers and men being upon it only by virtue of the truce. I hoped there would be no similar grounds of complaint, but information has been given me that Brig. Gen. Herron, the officer to whom you gave the order, did, in person, at a part of the field where there were but few of my men, and many of yours, require my men who were there collecting arms, to lay them down, under threat of arresting them. The arms taken from my men numbered between fifty [50] and sixty [60]. I request their return by the bearer of this.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obdt. servant,
T. C. HINDMAN,

Major Gen. Com. Conf'te troops.
To Brig. Gen. Jas. G. Blunt, Com.
U. S. Forces in the Field.

Headq's. Army of the Frontier,
Dec. 10th, 1862.

Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman, Commanding Confederate forces.

GENERAL:—Your communication of Dec. 9th, under flag of truce by Col. Kane, is received. I had already sent to the Surgeon in charge of the Confederate Hospital, 5,000 rations complete, for the use of your wounded and had tendered the use of my ambulances to send them to such place as they might select as a general hospital.

In response to your complaint, of Gen. Herron's men gathering up the arms upon the battle-field, I have the honor to inform you that you have an entire misapprehension of the nature of the flag of truce referred to. It is true, I sent a Surgeon with ambulances to your lines, to gather up any wounded I might have on the ground occupied by you. This is a privilege I would not deny an enemy, even during an engagement, without being accompanied by a flag of truce.

It is true, however, that you seized upon this pretext as the occasion for sending me, under flag of truce, three communications—the last one asking a personal interview. This, as I then suspected, and as has since satisfactorily proven to be the case, was to enable you to make good your retreat, which was commenced early in the night, the precaution having been taken by you to tear up your blankets, and muffle the wheels of your artillery, that you might move stealthily away.

Had no other intention than that my ambulances should return before daylight, and be deposited to render the same of no use. Had I not ascertained the fact, about daylight, and previous to your requesting the interview for the purpose of "making arrangements to care for the dead and wounded"—that your forces had stolen away during the night, I should not have granted it, but would have insisted

upon your return, notwithstanding that your forces, occupying a strong position of your own choosing, outnumbered mine, as three to one.

That you should claim the right to carry off the arms from the field, by the men you had detailed, under flag of truce, to bury your dead, is not only simply preposterous, but very ridiculous.

I only directed Gen. Herron to keep his men in the rear while our personal interview lasted; and it was in compliance with your earnest and repeated request, that I gave you six hours to secure your own personal safety and that of your staff and body-guard—which time, I have learned, you made good use of—instead of the thirty-six hours that you petitioned for, (and which I refused) to enable your whole army to stampede to Van Buren.

A flag of truce, which should always be respected by belligerents, is a thing too sacred to be abused, as has been the case of late by the Confederate forces under your command; not only in the instance referred to—clearly to cover the retreat of your defeated army—but also at the battle of Cane Hill on the 28th of Nov. when your artillery was on the very point of being captured. Just in time to save the rear of your retreating column from being annihilated, and to enable him to retire under cover of the night, and obtain possession of one of his guns, that had been disabled and thrown into a creek, an officer from Gen. Marmaduke, upon that occasion, came galloping up with a flag of truce!

In this connection also, I may call your attention to the flag of truce, sent with Capt. Stanley to my camp near Maysville, which resulted in no benefit to either army, other than to enable your flag-bearer to spy out my force and position—which I trust was entirely satisfactory to him.

Still another instance that may be mentioned where this privilege has been abused, is that of a party sent under a flag of truce, with Major Hubbard of the 1st Mo. Regiment and Lt. Bassett of the 2nd Kansas—who were taken prisoners during the battle of the 7th inst.—to Cane Hill, Clarendon, and Fayetteville, with the ostensible object of conducting them inside of my lines, but with the actual purpose of ascertaining whether a portion of my force was not at some of the places named. This may have been called an "stratagem," or perhaps a "thing called chivalry."—but, in fact, it is not of the kind I have so often heard discussed as being the best of the South, or else it must have been some of late, woefully determined.

Whatever method you may employ, I do not propose to avail myself of it.
Concluded on fourth page.

BLUNT WAS NOT BUILT THAT WAY

(Editor's note: The letter that follows was written by Wm. T. McKee of Co.C, 7th Missouri Cavalry USA, and was published in the National Tribune (G.A.R.), Washington, D.C., on Sept. 8, 1927. The clipping was sent to us by F. P. Rose of Rogers, Ark. -- WJL)

1862-1962

Editor, National Tribune: I am one of the boys who helped to save Blunt's army at Kanes Hill, Arkansas. I was in Co.C, 7th Mo. Cav. We were in southwestern Missouri -- Totten's and Herron's Brigades, about 6,000 -- when we got orders to report to Gen. Blunt at Kanes Hill, 15 miles from Fayetteville, Ark. We marched two days and nights on a forced march and reached the ground where the Battle of Prairie Grove was fought on Dec. 7, 1862.

Just before daylight, alongside of a corn field, we halted, dismounted, and got corn and fed our horses. I was at the head of my company and my company was at the head of the regiment. There the boys sighted a hog and a few of my company drew their sabers and chased the hog down the road ahead of the regiment. To their surprise they ran right into the Confederate infantry advance.

The Johnnies fired at them but missed, and the boys came back pell mell. "To horse!" was sounded and we mounted and rode into line. By this time it was nearly daylight, and we looked south and beheld an immense army in solid mass, not a quarter mile away, moving slowly toward us. We looked to our left and saw nearly 2,000 Confederate cavalry marching double quick by fours, to get in our rear and cut us off from our infantry, and we had this high stake-and-rider fence on our right.

Something had to be done right away. In getting past that cavalry, we lost our commander and Capt. Billie McKee, my uncle. Quite a few were taken prisoners. When the head of our regiment reached our infantry, we had no commander; they were in bad shape. The infantry laughed at them. The boys told them they would find plenty of Johnnies back there; that they were glad to get away alive. The infantry came back with "They are the boys we are hunting." In less than an hour they got what they wanted, and the fight was kept up all day long; no let-up until pitch dark.

Gen. Blunt came to us between 3 and 4 o'clock with about 6,000 men. We then had about 12,000 men. The Johnnies must have had over 23,000. They fought well. When the last shot was fired it was as still as death, not a word spoken, not a leaf moved. It just sounded like we were in a new world.

Gen. Hindman was commanding the Confederate army. He came with a white flag, with escort and bodyguard, to our lines and called for Blunt. Blunt was blunt by name and blunt by nature. He showed up quick. Hindman bid him "Good eve" and told him he claimed the battle ground. Blunt ripped out an oath and told him that he would fight him right then himself, or he would fight him in 15 minutes with his army.

Hindman told him that if he would give him till 10 o'clock the next morning, he would decide whether he would renew the battle or not.

Blunt agreed to that and Hindman whirled his horse around and rode back to his army. He then ordered a retreat, but he left a line along the battle front to fool Blunt. These men were cavalymen; they had their horses back a ways, and just before daylight they slipped back and rode away after their army.

When daylight came, no enemy was in sight. We must give the Johnnies credit for their recovery and the way they managed things there, first and last.

Gen. Grant said that the Battle of Prairie Grove ranked well with the hard-fought battles of the Civil War.

FLAG PRESENTATION AT LEE'S CREEK

The speaker at the Confederate Reunion at Prairie Grove in 1886 was Col. J.R. Pettigrew. He later published his talk on that occasion. This is one paragraph:

"The order to march at length came; the Arkansas River was crossed. At Lee's Creek, the head of the column was halted, the different commands massed, and the solemn ceremony had of presentation of battle flags to each regiment. No more impressive scene was ever witnessed in all this land than, on that calm winter morning, to see thousands of soldiers kneeling, with their faces northward, and the solemn invocation commending them and their fortunes to the arbitrament of arms and the god of battles. Thenceforth the flag of battle waved over each command. The march was resumed, and on the 7th day of December, Prairie Grove was reached."

POST OFFICE OF ADA WAS IN LINE OF FIRE

There was no town of Prairie Grove at the time of the battle. A settlement had grown up around the church founded by Rev. Andrew Buchanan who came here in 1829. He died in 1857. The first postoffice in 1840 was on the Pittman farm southeast of the present town. It was called Sweet Home and James C. Pittman was postmaster. In 1857 a postoffice was established on the site of what is now Battlefield Park, with Archibald Borden as postmaster. The name of the office was Ada, for one of Borden's daughters. This postoffice, a small frame building, was in the line of fire during the battle. Later it was moved a short distance west and for years was visited by visitors who dug bullets out of the logs.

CASUALTIES AT PRAIRIE GROVE

On the 90th anniversary of the battle of Prairie Grove, the Washington County Historical Society published a commemorative edition of its Flashback, in which there appeared an article by Prof. Robert R. Logan on "The Dead and Wounded of Prairie Grove." Here is a paragraph from that report:

"Casualties on both sides were heavy:

	<u>Killed</u>	<u>Wounded</u>	<u>Missing</u>	<u>Total</u>
Confederate.....	164.....	817.....	336.....	1,317
Federal.....	175.....	813.....	263.....	1,257

These losses figure 11 percent of 12,000, generally accepted strength of the Confederate army. Loss of the Union army, with a probable strength of 15,000, is 8 percent. Captain Pittman stated that about 150 Confederate wounded in hospitals at Cane Hill died. No record of mortality among the wounded was made, but it obviously was high."

A VISIT FROM THE GRANDSON OF AN ILLINOIS SOLDIER

by W. J. Lemke

On October 11-12 we had the pleasure of entertaining the grandson of a Federal soldier who fought at Prairie Grove 100 years ago, come Dec. 7th. He is D. W. Castle of Joliet, Ill., a retired college professor whose hobby is history. The grandfather, to whom he was paying tribute, was Jasper Gilmore, a Private in the 94th Illinois Regiment. The 94th was composed chiefly of men from McLean County, Illinois.

Mr. Castle had visited the Prairie Grove battlefield previously, but this year he came equipped with maps and other data. After a tour of the route which his grandfather had marched a century ago -- Fayetteville to Farmington to Walnut Grove to Prairie Grove -- we explored the battlefield, from the ford of the Illinois to the Borden orchard. Our visitor finally became convinced that the 94th Illinois was stationed northeast of the Borden house, in support of the 19th Iowa and the 20th Wisconsin. We circled the area, trying to visualize the uphill fight that these regiments made in their attempt to dislodge the Confederates from their position on the ridge that is now Battlefield Park.

Although Mr. Castle's grandfather and the 94th Illinois were not at Pea Ridge, he expressed a desire to visit that battlefield. So we drove to Elkhorn Tavern, inspected the improvements made by the National Park Service, and spent a couple of hours viewing the thousands of exhibits in Alvin Seamster's new historical museum, just east of Elkhorn. This is probably the finest private museum in Arkansas. We plan to publish a detailed report of the Seamster museum as soon as we can get even a partial catalog of the many historical items that it contains, all displayed under comfortable surroundings and excellent lighting, and available without charge to students of pioneer history.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Castle began two or three years ago when he wrote us about a Civil War veteran whom he had known as a boy and who had won the Congressional Medal of Honor for an act of bravery in Arkansas. Since Francis J. Herron, who commanded the 2nd and 3rd divisions of the Federal army in the battle of Prairie Grove, had also received the Medal of Honor (for services in the battle of Pea Ridge), we were interested. Mr. Castle wrote us:

Dear Mr. Lemke:

My grandfather was in the tile manufacturing business in Chenoa, Ill. during the 1880s with a partner named Ed Pike. I knew Mr. Pike when I was a small boy. He was a large jovial-type of man whom I liked very much. I had known he was a Civil War veteran and had heard that he received a Medal of Honor. It was for an act of bravery on the Cache River in Arkansas. I then started some research to get the details.

Ed Pike was an Orderly Sergeant in Co. A of the 33rd Illinois. This regiment was organized at the Illinois State Normal University and was composed largely of students of that college. It was sometimes called the "Teachers' Regiment" and the members were for that reason subject to some derision. The president of the University, whose name was Hovey, was the Colonel.

Not long ago I found a book in our library -- Albert O. Marshall: Army Life from a Soldier's Journal, Joliet 1884. Marshall was a Private in Co. A of the 33rd Illinois and was County Judge in Joliet for many years. In this book I found several references to Mr. Pike, including one of his single-handed recovery of a cannon during a retreat on the Cache River near Cotton Plant, Ark., on July 7, 1862. It was undoubtedly for this feat that he received the Medal.

The expedition in which the 33rd Illinois was a part started from Arcadia, Mo., March 1, 1862 under the command of General Steele. It was composed of the following units:

- 1st Brigade: 28th Illinois and 21st Illinois
- 2nd Brigade: 33rd Illinois and 11th Wisconsin
- 3rd Brigade: 5th Indiana and 8th Indiana, and 1st Indiana Cavalry

On April 30 the Division arrived at Pocahontas, Ark. From there they marched to Jacksonport and thence to Batesville, arriving May 16. It was here they met the army of General Curtis that had marched from northwest Arkansas, following the battle of Pea Ridge. From Batesville the combined forces marched southwest. Six miles west of Cotton Plant they met the Confederate army. Can you give me any references about this expedition and the battle? I enjoy the Washington County historical material you have been sending me.

D. W. Castle,

11 So. Eastern Ave., Joliet, Ill.

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More recently, Mr. Castle sent us a typescript of excerpts from the diary of an Iowa soldier who had fought at Prairie Grove. This is it:

(From the diary of Lt. Charles W. Huff, 19th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Laura V. Smith of Crystal Lake, Ill. Published in Chicago Daily News 1961.)

Excerpt from Diary of Lt. C. W. Huff

Dec. 6. Lt. Col. Sam McFarland, our commanding officer, gave us a few words of advice. "Soldiers, we are expecting to attack. Remain calm. Take good aim, shoot low, and cut off their retreat."

Dec. 7. On battleground. From the chaos of excitement and while holding a portion of the field, while groups are sitting around, each relating his story of horror, I am writing. Since 12 o'clock today, the battle has raged. The fight is over for tonight. The final struggle is yet to come.

Thunder of Rebel cannon fell upon our ears for the first time five miles distant. There was nothing to show fear or faltering as we quickened our steps and closed our ranks. We came but a short distance, however, when we were met by the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, spurring their horses to the utmost speed. Pell-mell they rushed on. It was not encouraging to raw troops. "Coward" was spoken by more than one boy. A portion of Gen. Herron's bodyguard seemed equally panic-stricken. Every man seemed to feel the responsibility rested with us.

The fight was opened before I became aware of it. Firing was kept up by each side for perhaps two hours. A charge was ordered on a masked Rebel battery on the hill. The 20th Wisconsin under Col. Bertram was the first to advance. Our regiment followed and the 94th Illinois was to follow us. The 94th, for some reason, did not make any advance.

The 20th cut their way through a force vastly superior to their own, but had to fall back. The 19th passed through the same fiery ordeal, retook the battery and held it until compelled to fall back. Had the 94th followed us, we might have retained it. In this charge the 19th and 20th lost in killed and wounded half their number.

About this time, Gen. Blunt, who had dashed eight miles to the rescue, opened up on the right. Until dark the battle raged with all its terror. I cannot now imagine how this struggle will terminate. Tomorrow we must renew it. Col. McFarland of our regiment was killed, also Lts. Smith, Johnson and Sgt. Maj. Buckingham.

Dec. 8, morning after the battle. We number scarcely 150 men -- the 20th Wisconsin about as many more. Yet while we bore the brunt of the fight, the command came that we must be foremost in this morning's attack. Why is this? Is Gen. Orme, our acting brigadier and colonel of the 94th, determined on our annihilation? Shame!

I write this on the spot where I may be, and with dead around me. But I have no regrets. Our boys proved themselves yesterday. An armistice of a few hours has been granted to remove the wounded from the field. But the Rebels instead used the time to continue a retreat they actually had begun during the night. The battered, cheering Union troops were left masters of the field. They had lost 1,250 men. The Rebel losses were even higher.

This was the first field of blood over which I had passed, and I saw death in its most ghastly form. Our men were scattered for perhaps half a mile. Near the Rebel battery, they were almost piled one upon another -- hundreds weltering in their own blood.

I noticed three Rebel slaughter pens (trenches) containing 100 of their dead. Our own dead, with few exceptions, had been rifled of everything, while their own had been stripped of their shoes. Each Rebel had on nice woolen socks, a luxury much needed by our troops. Our loss in the 19th is 40 killed and 147 wounded. The 20th Iowa lost eight killed and 47 wounded; the 20th Wisconsin 57 killed and 183 wounded. The 94th lost one man killed and one wounded. I do not know where they were stationed. They perhaps know -- I do not.

Dec. 9. Our men are still disposing of the dead Rebels. I noticed in one slaughter pen, 38 Rebels, one of whom was still alive. He would follow us with his eyes, but we could get no reply from him.

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Letters from Kinsman of General Herron

In his research on the battle of Prairie Grove, in which his grandfather had fought, Mr. Castle located a kinsman of General Herron in Dubuque, Iowa, with whom he entered into a correspondence. This kinsman of General Herron is Dave Reed, whose address is c/o Nauman's Grocery, R.R. 41, Dubuque, Iowa. We are printing below, two of Mr. Reed's letters that give information about the youthful General who commanded at Prairie Grove in our county.

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Dear Mr. Castle: I did a lot of research on General Herron and have a complete story of his life throughout the Civil War. General Herron was a distant relative of my grandfather. He was a terrific person and did so much during the war and received no great reward.

The General came from Pittsburgh to Dubuque along with some brothers and began a bank, called "Herron Bros." In April of 1859 a group, including the General, formed the "Governor Grays", a military group. Herron was a Captain in the outfit. They volunteered and sailed down the Mississippi April 23, 1861, landing at Davenport. Spent some time there and down the river again, to Hannibal, Mo.

The "Grays" march through Missouri and Arkansas for their 90-day volunteer period but got into the roundup at Wilson's Creek, Mo. where they were in the thick of it. After the battle, the outfit returned to Dubuque and most of the men enlisted for three years. Herron was promoted to Lieut. Colonel in the 9th Iowa Infantry. Then back to Missouri and Arkansas. The battle of Pea Ridge and then the battle of Prairie Grove. General Grant ordered him east of the river for the battle of Vicksburg. Then the Yazoo River trip and then in command of the Department of the Gulf in Brownsville, Texas.

I have copies of all the letters the General wrote during his army period, as well as his early history and some of his life after the war. He was a great man. If you want any particular bit of information concerning General Herron, I will be glad to help if I can.

-- Dave Reed

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On March 16, 1962, in answer to Mr. Castle's request for information about General Herron's post-war career, he received this letter:

I will try to give you some information on General F.J.Herron's life after the war. He was discharged July 8, 1865 and went to New Orleans. In 1869 he was U.S. Marshall for New Orleans and that same year he was married. In 1871 he was superintendent of the Crescent City Waterworks in New Orleans. In 1872 he was secretary of state, pro tem. He was still listed in the New Orleans directory in 1873.

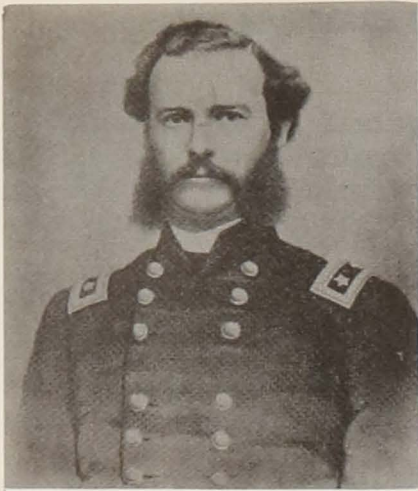
I have no record of his leaving New Orleans, rather no date, But he did go to New York City where he became a lawyer and banker. In 1887 the "Dubuque Grays" went to New York, Philadelphia and Washington. My grandfather Herron and his brother were also "Grays" and made this trip.

The organization had written General Herron, asking him if they could get the flag that had been made by women in Dubuque and carried throughout the 90 days of the group's campaign through Missouri and Arkansas and also in the battle of Wilson's Creek. On Sept. 20, 1887 the flag was turned over to the Grays by the General and they brought it back to Dubuque.

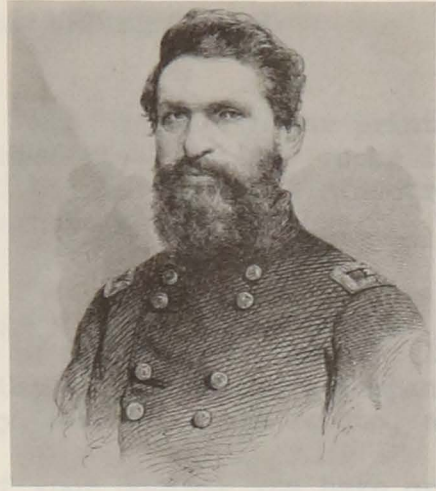
The Grays, years later, became the National Guard. Last year I tried to find the flag but it was a long search. Strangely enough it was found rolled up on a shelf in a bookcase in our public library. It was quite a thrill to find it. After it was unrolled, carefully, as it was silk and in tatters, you could still see powder burns, blood stains, and holes through it.

The General received the Medal of Honor for heroism at Pea Ridge. There he was shot through the ankle, his horse killed, and he was captured. Later he was exchanged. General Herron passed away Jan. 11, 1902, in New York.

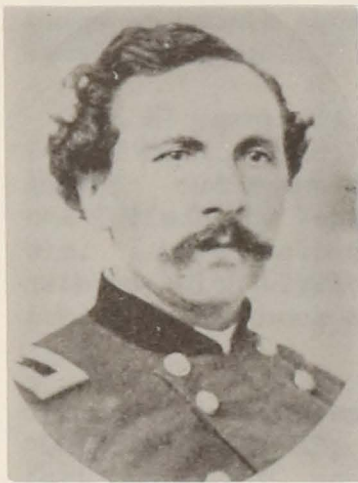
SOME FEDERAL COMMANDERS AT PRAIRIE GROVE



HERRON of IOWA



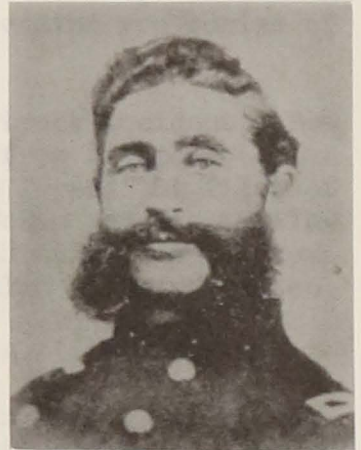
BLUNT of KANSAS



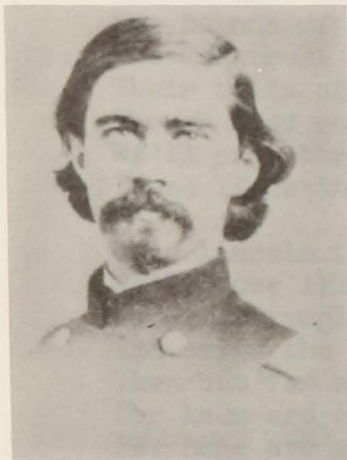
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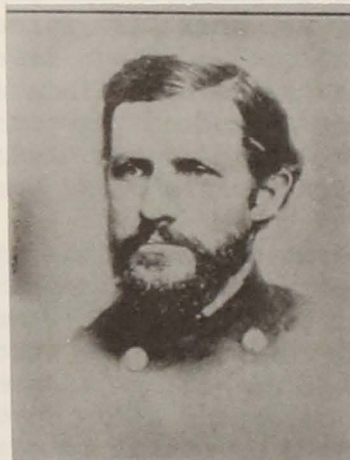
CRAWFORD of KANSAS



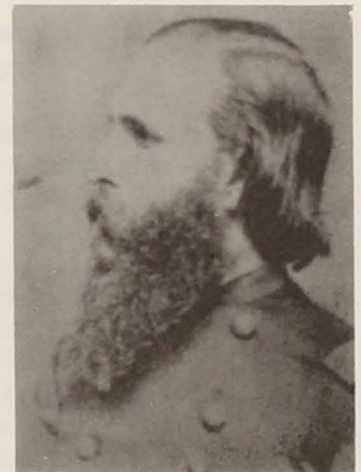
MOONLIGHT of KANSAS



BLACK of ILLINOIS



EWING OF KANSAS



HARRISON OF ARKANSAS

SON OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN WRITES OF WAR

A. L. Maxwell, Box 1, Lexington, Mo., who deals in war prints and books, has sent our Washington County Historical Society some interesting material pertaining to the Civil War in southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas. He wrote us a few months ago as follows:

Dear Mr. Lemke:

I have received and read your Pea Ridge edition of Flashback. Under Price there were a considerable number of men from our county (Lafayette Co., Mo.) at Pea Ridge, including Capt. J.P. Bowman's company, Jo Shelby's rough riders, Bledsoe's Battery, Ben Elliott's scouts, et al.

I wonder if in the 12 years history of your Society you have printed anything about the Gun Shops, CSA, in Fort Smith and at Fort Washita, under Colonel Cooper. My father had charge of those two shops and I have his journal with the names of most of the workers. My father used the blank spaces in the journal for all kinds of entries, including songs and music scores that he composed. I am sending you copies of several of these.

I am 87 years old but was injured in 1957 in a truck accident. Before I was injured, I covered the old Confederacy from Richmond to San Antonio and spent three winters at Houston where I read the files of the Confederate Veteran (Nashville) and all the Texas records available. I have helped out O'Flaherty, Homer Croy, Breihan, and other authors with Civil War material. The last was Ralph Rea of Harrison, Ark., for his book on General Price.

A. L. Maxwell

Among the war items that Mr. Maxwell sent us is a copy of a poem, "Quantrell's Call", written by his father, a Confederate soldier, at Fort Smith, Ark. on May 2, 1863. We take pleasure in reprinting it.

QUANTRELL'S CALL

Up, comrades, arise; the moon sinks in the west
And we must be off ere the breaking of day.
The hounds of old Penick will find but the nest;
The Quantrell they seek shall be far, far away.
Their toils after us shall be ever in vain
Though they scout through the bushes and scour the plain,
We'll pass through their midst in the deep of the night --
Those lions in combat, these eagles in flight.

When Lincoln is weary and gives the chase o'er,
We'll come like a thunderbolt down through the cloud;
We will trample, then rout, then bathe in their gore,
And smite the oppressor and humble the proud.
Then but few shall escape and few shall be spared,
For keen are our sabers which vengeance has bared,
For none are so mighty or fierce in their fight
As these fast-riding boys for honor and right.

(Continued on next page)

No home but the brush, no bed but the green sod,
 We drink from the brooks and have roots for our bread.
 For freedom is ever the favor of God;
 We covet none else; do not be misled;
 The tyrant can't conquer, nor Federals bind,
 So true are our rifles, our steeds like the wind.
 Not a sword will we sheath, nor draw in a rein
 Till Dixie is free of Federals again.

Chorus

Then arouse, my brave band; up, up and away.
 Press hard the foe before the faint flush of day.
 The yell and the rush in the hail of cold lead
 Today or forever, a toll of the dead.

-- A. L. Maxwell, 1863

Another item that this Confederate soldier's son sent us was a reprint of an article from the Confederate Veteran, entitled

COLONEL ROSSER AND HERRON'S SWORD.

March 7, 1862, was not a red-letter day for Colonel Herron, commanding an Iowa Brigade in the battle of Elkhorn, Ark., historically called Pea Ridge.

After the death of Generals Ben McCulloch and James McIntosh on the Pea Ridge field, and the debacle of their commands, General Sigel, commanding the Federal left wing, finding no opposition in his front, marched a part of his men over to the right to succor the main body of the Federal army with which General Price and his Missourians had been playing particular h---nob. These had driven the enemy over a mile, had captured nine cannons, some 300 prisoners, and what was more serious, Curtis' commissary stores. Besides this, Price held the road to Springfield, over which Curtis must retreat in case of defeat.

The arrival of Sigel with reinforcements gave heart to Curtis, and he ordered an advance of his whole army. Colonel Herron, advancing in column of fours, instead of line of battle, came within 200 yards of where we of Slack's brigade, now commanded by Col. Thomas H. Rosser, lay in waiting, changed direction to the left and, still in column, moved parallel to our position until the column covered our entire front. Then Rosser, who had been watching, ordered the charge.

Up we spring and, dashing forward, yelling out our blood-curdling yells and discharging our muskets as we went, put a scare into those fine Iowa boys that sent them scurrying back to their starting point. Colonel Herron's horse was killed and he was slightly wounded. I saw him lying on the ground and had to detour to avoid running over him. We drove the enemy about half a mile and had victory in our grasp but the sun was setting, we had no Joshua to order it to "stand still" and answered the "recall".

That night Colonel Rosser came to our company wearing Colonel Herron's sword, which, upon surrendering to Colonel Rosser, he had presented as a gift; at least, the Colonel took it that way. Some weeks after the battle, Colonel Herron, who in the meantime had been living at Price's headquarters under parole, was exchanged and called for the return of his sword. Rosser was sent for and reported with the sword swinging to its belt buckled onto his waist. Upon being informed what was wanted of him, he unbuckled his belt and handing sword and belt to an orderly, said:

"Of course, Colonel Herron shall have his sword; He could have had it before now; but when he surrendered it to me, I understood that he wanted me to wear it as a gift."

General Price, "Old Pap" to every soldier in his army, bristled up with indignation at Herron's attitude, and hastily unbuckling his own sword-belt and buckling it around Rosser's waist, said: "Colonel Rosser, you shall have a sword. Take mine. I wore it with honor in the Mexican War. You sir, I know, will wear it with equal honor in this."

When Price, on his way to Corinth, Miss., reached Memphis, Colonel Rosser was detached and appointed to command the Post. When Porter's fleet threatened and Memphis was ordered evacuated, he moved all equipment to Selma, Ala. He never returned to Missouri but remained in Selma to his death.

1862- 1962

Mr. Maxwell of Lexington, Mo. also sent us the following interesting comments, especially the quote from Shelby on the James boys. As is known, the James boys were at Prairie Grove under Shelby, although Quantrell, their commander, was in Richmond, Va. at the time. This is Mr. Maxwell's quote from Shelby and his own comment (in the last two paragraphs:

"SHELBY AND THE JAMES BOYS

"Very well, they served under me off and on during the war. When the Guerrillas were forced to go south in the winter season, they always joined my command. When I made raids I used them for scouts and spies. They were invaluable for these purposes. George Todd, one of the most noted of all who served along the border, was killed at the head of my advance in 1864, the day we charged and took Independence.

"During the war, I had some very desperate men to manage, and since the war there have been occasions when I have ridden all night to prevent bloodshed. I do not see how it could have been possible for the old Confederate soldiers and guerrillas to have been more peaceful, or to have striven harder to make good citizens, than they have in Cass, Clay, Jackson, Platte, Saline, Lafayette and other counties where they are thickest."

In August 1880 Major Edwards (author of Shelby and His Men) visited the three Youngers in Stillwater prison: Cole, Jim, and Bob. They endorsed the sentiment of Jo Shelby: Let bygones be forgotten and cultivate a better feeling for the good of the country. All three were carrying lead.

Bledsoe's battery at Pea Ridge had a roll of 240 and were mostly from Lafayette County, Mo. Only 40 surrendered in South Carolina and of this number 30 were still alive in 1889. I saw both Shelby and Frank James in Higginsville, Mo. in August 1889. -- A. L. Maxwell

CUBAN BLOCKADE 1862

An item from The War Bulletin, published at Fayetteville, Ark., in 1862: "The steamer Calhoun has arrived in Havana, Cuba, on the 6th of January. This makes 100 arrivals of Southern vessels in Havana since the blockade began."

SHELBY'S ADJUTANT USES POETICAL LANGUAGE

Gen. J.O. Shelby's report after the battle of Prairie Grove, written by his Adjutant, Major Edwards, includes this passage:

"When the dark and weird shadows of night had closed over earth and sky and the dead and wounded, reports of a well-won and well-fought battle came cheerily up from all parts of the field, and I drew my command together calmly and cautiously, knowing that the day in all its bearings was ours. Night had closed the march of death, and the idle breeze gave no murmur back to tell of what had been passing but a few moments before, when

Our bugles sang truce and the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky;
When thousands had sunk to the earth overpowered,
the Weary to sleep and the Wounded to die.

I dismounted my entire command, moved them as infantry to the road leading directly down to the house at the foot of the hill and behind the batteries there stationed, and ordered them to bivouac without fires, with guns in their hands, and determination in their hearts. Down upon the cold hard earth, without a murmur, without a word spoken above a whisper, they lay, with longing eyes stretched far away northward, thinking of home and the morrow, and another glorious day.

Jo O. Shelby, Colonel Commanding,
Fourth Missouri Cavalry Division."

SOLDIER GRAVES ON FLAT ROCK CREEK

It is said that General Sterling Price and army encamped along our place on Flat Rock Creek after the battle of Pea Ridge March 1862. A Confederate teamster, H. H. Graves of Springfield, Mo., died at James G. Stevenson's home. His is the fourth grave in the Stevenson cemetery. Now the tale goes that the men who died while they were encamped there were buried in heavy woods in trenches just north of the camp. There are "mounds" on this land which we thought were Indian mounds till an old man told us of the trenches. His brother was a Confederate soldier. Do you know anything about this? If so buried, a marker should be erected.

Nell S. Garner, R.1, Van Buren, Ark.

FAYETTEVILLE LAWYER REMEMBERS

Charles Whiting Walker ("White Walker") of Fayetteville fought at Prairie Grove in the 34th Arkansas commanded by Col. Wm. H. Brooks. In 1908 Walker wrote an account of the "Battle of Prairie Grove" for the Arkansas Historical Association, in which he says:

"The composition of General Hindman's army was as follows: Generals D.M. Frost, Francis A. Shoup and John S. Marmaduke commanded divisions; M. M. Parsons, Jo Shelby and John S. Roane commanded brigades in Frost's division; James F. Fagan, D. McRae and R.G. Shaver commanded brigades of Arkansas troops in Shoup's division. General Roane commanded a brigade of Texans. Parsons' brigade consisted of Caldwell's, Hunter's, Steen's and White's regiments, with Pendall's battalion of sharpshooters, and Tilden's battery. Frost's division consisted of Roane's brigade, J.B. Clark's, Mitchell's, and J.C. White's regiments, Missouri troops with Ruffner's battery, and cavalry under Gen. J.S. Marmaduke.

HIS GRANDFATHER WOUNDED AT PRAIRIE GROVE

Dear Mr. Lemke:

This is why I am interested in the Prairie Grove battlefield. About two years ago my mother passed away in Iowa and in going through some things in the attic of our home I came across a small wooden box filled with old letters. Examination of the contents showed that they were written by my grandfather, Major William G. Thompson, when he was in service in Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. I copied all of them and then sent the original letters to the Iowa State Historical Association at Des Moines, to keep in their archives.

I found that the 20th Iowa Volunteer Infantry moved from Clinton, Iowa, to St. Louis, Mo., after they were mustered into service, and spent a great deal of time marching in southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas. These marching campaigns took them to Cassville, Bentonville, Pea Ridge, Carrollton, Huntsville, Fayetteville, Prairie Grove, and Cane Hill. The 20th Iowa had minor encounters at Cassville and Berryville and on Dec. 7, 1862, went into the battle of Prairie Grove where my grandfather was wounded late in the day and evacuated to Fayetteville on the following day.

I hope to drive out your way and visit such places as Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, Cane Hill, and other places where my grandfather served. I feel that your efforts to preserve the site of the battle is a commendable tribute to the memory of the soldiers of both the North and the South who lost their lives there. I am a veteran of World War II (Pacific Theater) and saw service in several actions there and for that reason I feel deeply that the memory of all veterans of all our wars should be revered. I am enclosing photographs of my grandfather as a Major of the 20th Iowa and a copy of one of his letters written from Fayetteville on Dec. 10, 1862.

William G. Thompson,
66 Woodmere Lane, Tenafly, New Jersey

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(Copy of Letter Written by Major Wm. G. Thompson to his wife, Harriet Jane Thompson, after the battle of Prairie Grove. Written at Fayetteville, Ark., but postmarked Springfield, Mo. Dated December 10, 1862.)

My dear Wife:

I presume you have ere this reaches you heard that we have had a battle & God knows what you may have suffered on my account by the conflicting rumors. You may have heard & not knowing what had been my fate.

When I last wrote you I informed you that we were on our march south and what a march we had. In three days & nights we marched 110 miles & got up with the enemy about 1½ o'clock P.M. & at 2 without one moment's rest or halt we attacked the enemy who had got a strong position on a wooded hill. Our batteries opened on them fearfully and about ½ after 2 the order was Limber to the front, advance infantry -- which we did with alacrity, up through the field into the woods through a perfect hail storm of bullets.

I was on my horse all the time from beginning to end and never out of my place. I have not the power of description sufficient to tell you of the grand magnificent sight presented when all our Batteries opened and our whole line for more than a mile in length commenced the awful roar & rattle of muskets & cannons & the cheers of our boys. At every step we took, our brave lads fell wounded or killed.

I am happy to say that but few of our Regt. were killed but many were wounded. My horse, a noble animal, was hit twice, but I escaped without a scratch. We drove them (the enemy) from their position & was still fighting near a fence, and an empty house stood away about twenty yards from us. At last I heard some of the Boys say "For God's sake, Major, get off your horse or you will be killed", for they were shooting at me out of the house & a few of the cowards had sneaked into the house and had shot often at me and had missed me. But just at sundown & the very last round they shot at us, one of the cowardly cusses raised the window & took a good aim & I was hit that time.

The ball struck me in the side of the hip & came out of my groin just touching the bone & hurting the leaders & nerves so that I cannot have free use of my leg for some time. I however, said nothing to anyone but I quietly rode to Col. Dye & told him of it and he immediately sent one of his mounted orderlies with me. I rode a mile to the rear & had the wound dressed & slept that night on the field. The next day I rode in a wagon nine miles to this place (Fayetteville) & Lieut Starck who was wounded at the same time & myself have the parlor of the finest house in this place & are very comfortable. The woman is very kind. Clark (my orderly) is with me and well. Morgan (Brother-in-law Morgan Parsons) was with the teams here & was not in the fight. He is well. Milt Elliott has a slight wound in the leg and is here.

I expect in the course of ten days to go to Springfield (Mo.) & get my business arranged & then if possible get a furlough for home about the middle of January. Do not be uneasy for I am little hurt. I wrote Ristine (Dr. Ristine) to telegraph you at once & let you know that I was well & the mail left yesterday & I hope he got my request & relieved your mind of all anxiety on my account. The Dr. was not with us. We left him at Ozark sick & he went to Springfield & has been there since & he could telegraph you easy from that point. But Fayetteville is 110 miles south of Springfield.

Our Boys fought nobly; every man of them done their duty. Hubbard, Crosby & Corbett did not get a touch -- they are all right. I was more exposed for the reason I was on horseback & I could not stay back. I will write you soon again. This may be a long time getting to you but I hope not. Be cheerful & of good heart for I will be with you, God willing, within the next 6 weeks. We whipped the Rebs badly.

Love to you & all, Yours only,

Wm. G. Thompson

PRAIRIE GROVE

by Captain S. P. Pittman

(The following is an undated and unsigned manuscript in the Rare Documents file of the Arkansas History Commission.)

On the 7th (December 1862), after the enemy had been driven to shelter behind his artillery and the sun had gone down in a cloud of sulphurous smoke and the dusk of evening was coming on, our regiment was moved from the corner of the Borden orchard, where we were formed after the last charge and where the hardest fighting of the day had occurred, to a point in the woods about 150 yards to the south and west where we were given permission to "lie down arms" and take a rest we very much needed, having marched from Morrow's in the morning, fought one of the hardest battles of the war, and being hungry and nearly famished for water.

Naturally anxious about my family, whom I had not seen for several months, I obtained permission to visit them for a few hours, and slinging the canteens of two comrades over my shoulder with my own, I struck out through the woods to my home, which I found converted into a hospital. My family were however well and uninjured, and I was soon among the wounded who occupied all the available space in the building. Among those there, I found my second lieutenant fatally, and my third lieutenant slightly wounded. Our first lieutenant I knew was dead upon the field. Others of our company and regiment were there and a great many whom I did not personally know but who were members of the same brigade. The surgeons were dressing wounds and doing all that could be done for them but the brave fellows could not hide their sufferings and to cheer them I gave them a brief account of the battle after they had fallen. They would make special inquiry about certain members of mess or company, and when I would tell them how gallantly that friend had borne himself, their eyes would sparkle and a shout would almost break from their lips.

Alas! few of those lips ever uttered battle-songs again. A few there were who long months afterwards came into camp looking like ghosts of their former selves. And two or three of these men are here today, but their wounded comrades of that night one by one passed over the silent river, and today let us hope are watching us from a better and brighter world. It was no pleasure to be there and witness their sufferings and after apprising them that morning would find us moving toward Springfield, Mo., with the enemy in flight, I bade them goodbye, and with a sad but hopeful heart went back to the battleground.

This, I remember, was one of the times in my experience when ignorance was bliss, and I have since often wondered whether or not I would have acted as I did, had I known the true situation. But a firm conviction that our march north would not be seriously impeded and that by the time we reached Springfield, Mo., I had no doubt that I would be able to write that the war was over and that I would spend Christmas at home.

Filled with these hopes I was not long in regaining the spot where, I had no doubt, the command was resting. Every moment as I approached the spot, I expected to be challenged but no challenge came, and still drawing nearer I could see the bright barrel of my gun, which I had leaned against a fallen tree, gleaming in the moonlight. Grasping it I stood almost without breathing and listened. Away to the south, about the top of the mountain, I caught the rumble of artillery and the tramp of many feet was borne upon the air as it softly stirred the leaves remaining upon the trees. Down in the orchard I could hear groans and once or twice a shriek as of intense pain. To the northeast on the Illinois, where the heavy columns of the enemy's infantry had been forced in the morning, I could hear the waters falling over the rocks where I had spent many hours each season in happy boyhood with rod and line, little dreaming of the fearful carnage I had that day witnessed.

All else was still. My heart sank within me and I remember now, after 34 years with their vicissitudes have passed, the pain that shot like a bullet through me when I first realized that our army was in retreat. From victorious hopeful soldier I seemed to be changed into a dull unfeeling machine. I sat down in the leaves and tried to think, tried to imagine what could have caused our command to retreat when everything seemed so propitious for an advance.

But I could not sit there. It was midnight and up from the orchard came cries and groans, and men calling for water. I remembered seeing as we returned from the last charge in the evening, a young officer whom I had known from childhood, horribly mutilated by a cannon shot, lying near the fence. He was alive when I passed him and begged pitifully for a drink. Not being able to respond to his appeal I only bent over him long enough to see that his wound was fatal and passed on. I now determined to go down to the orchard and if he were still alive, give him water. I did not then know that the enemy had gone, and I cautiously crept to that part of the ground where I knew he was lying, and reaching the fence, crossed it, and was alone with the dead and dying.

On the same spot where I had left the young officer in the evening, he still lay. The pale girlish face was upturned to the moonlight, and frost glistened on the brown hair, one hand clutched a bunch of dried grass while the other rested on his breast. But from that breast the spirit had passed to its last camp beyond the river. Near him, on every side, lay men as if asleep. Some still grasping their guns, while it looked as if others had carelessly thrown them aside. One whom I had thought to be dead moved and uttered a faint moan. I went to him, raised his head, placed a canteen to his lips and bade him drink; but death was too near or consciousness had left him.

Feeling satisfied now that no armed enemy occupied the field, I concluded to go out toward the center of the orchard where I could hear a voice calling, I thought for water. Up to this time I do not remember that I had decided what to do, as regarded myself. My coming into the orchard was for a special purpose as I have stated. Once there, I decided to relieve the thirst of the wounded until the water in my three canteens gave out.

Passing a number of dead, I stopped near the middle of the orchard to reconnoiter. I had stood but a moment when a form in front and to my right, raised partially on his elbow and shrieked "Mother, Mother." This was the voice I had heard, there was no mistaking it. In his agony and delirium the wounded soldier had remembered his mother and, with his life blood fast ebbing away, his cry went out to her who, perhaps at that very moment, was praying for her darling boy's safe return. But war is cruel, and the cry of loved ones is often only answered in another world. I would like to think, as the end drew near, the dying imagined his mother, felt her soft kiss upon his bloodless lips, and as the slender fingers brushed back the damp hair, heard her gentle voice say "All is well. Lie still and sleep. Your mother is on guard tonight." Who knows? May she not have been there?

Until now, nothing had seemed strange to me. I had crossed and recrossed the field so often during the day that the bodies lying upon the ground were familiar objects. But now a chill crept over me that I had not felt during the fiercest of the conflict. The moon was gliding down behind the tree tops that bordered the field on the west and long shadows stretched far out into the open ground where I was standing. And just then an owl flitted past with that shadowy, ghost-like movement peculiar to that bird. And I began to realize the weird surroundings to such an extent that a desire possessed me to leave them behind.

As I turned toward the wood on the west, the cry of that delirious boy rang out upon the still night, and I only stopped when passing three soldiers grouped under an apple tree, where they had managed to kindle a small fire with twigs found near. They were all wounded and unable to leave the field. Two wore the blue overcoats of the federal army and the other the gray jacket of the rebel, but with them the war was over and physical suffering banished all hatred. Thoughts of home, wife or mother, perhaps, filled their minds and made the ghastly wounds give more intense pain, because for them the end was near.

Leaving my canteens with these men, I left the orchard and struck out for the mountain, south over which I could still hear our army passing. It was a sad and lonely tramp, but I went into camp with the boys just at daylight, on the same ground from which we had moved just 24 hours before. To me it seemed an age; I could not realize that all I had witnessed and felt could happen in so short a time, and it was impossible to keep from looking around for the familiar forms that never more would be with us. That morning when I called the company roll, many gallant fellows failed to answer for the first time. From this camp our hardships began and the homes we left behind us that night knew us no more until the end of the war.

Often during the years that have followed I have thought of that night and wondered if those left lying in death were not happier than their comrades who were spared to endure so much and so long. And often that boy's cry for his mother has rung in my ears as I heard it then; and a century of time could not dim the memory of that night upon the battlefield of Prairie Grove. Nothing but the grave can banish the vivid recollections from my mind!

A CHRISTMAS STORY

In the University of Arkansas Library there is a privately printed book that gives the history of a group of German families who came to northwest Arkansas in 1850 and founded the village of Hermannsburg (now Dutch Mills) in western Washington County. Prominent among them were two brothers named Jean and Karl Hermann.

They carried on agriculture, a store, a mill, and other industries. They lived on good terms with their neighbors and were held in high esteem as peaceful and honest folks. They were well on their way to becoming prosperous, when the first signs of approaching civil war appeared. They tried to remain neutral, but they were labeled as Abolitionists and were considered enemies of the South.

From 1860 to 1862 they were in constant danger from the opposing armies and especially from the thieving and murdering bushwhackers who overran northwest Arkansas. In the fall of 1862 it became evident that continued existence at Hermannsburg was impossible, so the Hermann brothers and their families made ready to flee for safety to St. Louis.

They secured a cavalry escort from General Blunt, the Union commander. They left Cane Hill Dec. 18 in four army wagons, taking only absolute necessities and leaving everything else behind. The group numbered 19, including eleven children from 1 year to 9 years old. The Hermanns reached General Herron's camp at Prairie Grove on Dec. 19. He gave them an order permitting them to travel with a commissary train to Fayetteville and on to Rolla. The following paragraph is from the German diary of Nanni, wife of one of the Hermann brothers:

"We left Prairie Grove on Dec. 24 and reached Fayetteville that same day. We camped near a spring at the north end of that village, where we spent Christmas day. But the Christ-child had lost its magic. Looking up at the star-studded sky on Christmas Eve, our memory saw again the lighted Christmas trees in our distant Fatherland."

Nanni did not live to reach St. Louis, She died on the journey, leaving her husband with two small children, age 2 and 5, both born in Washington County, Arkansas.

The spot where these 19 refugees spent their heartsick Christmas in 1862 was Big Spring on East Spring street in Fayetteville, which is just across the creek from the Lemke home. On Christmas Eve 1962, I shall walk out in my back yard and look across the ravine. And I shall remember two mothers -- Nanni Hermann with her babies, sleeping in a wagon bed in Fayetteville, and Mary with her Baby, asleep in a stable in Bethlehem.

-- W. J. Lemke

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Fayetteville, Arkansas

President, Tom C. Feathers; vice-president, Roy A. Scott; secretary, Deane G. Carter; editor, W. J. Lemke. Our Society will begin its 13th year on Jan. 1, 1963. Membership dues are \$3 per year. Address: Box 237, Fayetteville, Arkansas.